

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## AT MALPLAQUET.

["The battle of Malplaquet" (September 11th, 1709) "one of the bloodiest ever fought by mortal men. Little is known of the details of the fighting, these being swallowed up in the shades of the forest.—All that is certain is that neither side gave quarter, and that the combat was not only fierce but savage."—"A History of the British Army," by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue, Vol. I., p. 525.]

It is very still and cold in the wood,  
In the wood by Blaregnies,  
But the smell of the earth is rich and good,  
And the grass grows strong and free.

Beyond and away on the slanting field,  
Where the lily banners blew,  
Where the gay Guards broke and the  
"Household" reeled,  
And the scarlet horse drove through,

The laborer sings in the fallow ways,  
And the tinkling streamlets run,  
And the face of the land is all ablaze  
With the brave September sun.

But here in the wood it is still and cold,  
In the wood by Blaregnies,  
And the silent dead deep under the mould,  
How still and how cold they be!

Oh! pray for the souls of them that are not,  
Tread soft in the tangled brake,  
And down in the dell where the red leaves rot  
Speak low for the dead men's sake;

For the dead men's sake that grappled, and swayed,  
And stumbled, and stabbed, and slashed  
Over fosse and fence, through thicket and glade,  
While the round balls ripped and crashed,

Till the tall trees rocked in the tortured air,  
And the leaves fell parched and sere,  
And the timid creatures that harbored there  
Fled forth in a panic fear;

And nobody knows if the deeds they did

Were fitter for praise or blame;  
The splendor of valor itself was hid,  
And the nameless things of shame.

There were those that whimpered and those that cursed,  
There were those that prayed to die,  
And the frenzied laugh, and the moan of thirst,  
And the scream of agony.

In a myriad murmur of pains and fears,  
From the dark grove rose and fell,  
As calls to the sorrowing angels' ears  
The sob of the sea of hell.

There was blood in the ruts of trampled mud,  
There was blood on root and bough,  
And coppice and covert ran red with blood,—  
They are green and glossy now.

It is very still and cold in the wood,  
In the wood by Blaregnies,  
But the smell of the earth is rich and good,  
And the grass grows strong and free.

*Frank Taylor.*

*The Spectator.*

## THE PICTURE.

The picture of a little child  
Hangs on my wall and smiles: 'tis you  
When you were seven years old—you smiled  
Even then as no one else can do.

And yet, dear love, you never knew  
Whom you were blessing then, nor how  
The little curves that painter drew  
Would be your lover's daydream now.

Had you died then, they would have said:

"Only a little girl is dead";  
They could not (how could I?) have known  
That, without seeing even or grieving,  
My soul had lost beyond retrieving  
The one soul born to be its own.

*R. C. K. Ensor.*

*The Nation.*

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## CARRYING ON THE KING'S GOVERNMENT. \*

Things in this country are coming, or have already come, to a strange pass. An enormous deficit, due to measures and administrative action accepted by both Houses of Parliament, has of necessity to be met by a large increase of taxation. The Budget to provide the necessary means, after the most lengthy discussions, prolonged far beyond the normal Session and through the greater part of the Parliamentary holiday, has at length passed through Committee in the House of Commons, where it has been supported by immense majorities. The Report stage ought not to take very long, and the Bill will then await the sanction of the House of Lords, without which it cannot become law. In ordinary circumstances, in accordance with the modern practice of the Constitution, the supplies for the year would as a matter of course receive this sanction. That the grant of supplies, that is the imposition of taxes, is the function of the House of Commons alone, has long been an accepted principle of the Constitution. Ministers, therefore, have strong ground for insisting that the Third Reading of the Finance Bill in the House of Commons gives to that measure finality; and that though in order to become an Act of Parliament it requires the concurrence of the Peers and the assent of the King, the House of Lords would be stepping outside its proper functions

either by rejecting it *in toto* or by amending it.

Mr. Chamberlain was, we think, the first responsible statesman of the front rank to advise the Peers to reject the Finance Bill. A large part, however, of the party press, and many of the less important amongst Conservative politicians, have for months past urged upon their leaders this summary method of destroying the Finance Bill by one vote of that Chamber in which the Conservative party has a permanent majority. Leading Peers have very wisely almost invariably refused to formulate their line of action till the Bill had passed the House of Commons, and was actually before them. In passing through the Lower House it has received many amendments. The Ministerial majority there is so overwhelming that the Government might, as was pressed upon them by hot spirits on their own side, have refused to yield anything at all to their opponents and have passed their whole scheme in the shape in which it was proposed. They might, again, have had recourse to "the guillotine." They deserve some credit for refusing to listen to counsel of this sort. They have, in fact, in many cases gone a good way to meet the reasonable criticisms of the Opposition, and they have passed their measure, after almost unexampled labors, by the ordinary methods by which at the present day each party in turn presses violently opposed Bills through the House of Commons. The Bill as it reaches the Lords is a far more reasonable measure than it was when first presented to the Commons, though it contains some most objectionable principles, and involves something very like a new departure in our financial methods.

It can hardly be seriously contested

\*1. "Speech of the Earl of Rosebery at Glasgow," September 10, 1909. From the "Times" Reports.

2. "Speech of the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P., at Birmingham," September 17, 1909. From the "Times" Reports.

3. "Speech of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., at Birmingham," September 22, 1909. From the "Times" Reports.

4. "The Reform of the House of Lords (with a Criticism of the Report of the Select Committee of December 2, 1906)." By William Sharp McKeanle, M.A., LL.B., D.Phil., Lecturer on Constitutional Law and History in Glasgow University. Glasgow: James MacLehose and Sons, 1909.

(1) that it is not competent to the House of Lords to amend a money bill; or (2) that the rejection by that House *in toto* of the Finance Bill of the year is not in accordance with modern constitutional practice. But the action of the Opposition is defended on the ground that this is no ordinary Finance Bill; that it includes within itself a new policy which requires Parliamentary sanction; that it amounts to a "revolution," and that the Peers are only performing the main duty incumbent on the Chamber to which they belong by insisting that the people themselves shall judge before this revolutionary policy is adopted.

So it appears that the question between Lords and Commons is to be referred to the electorate as the result of the House of Lords refusing the supplies voted by the House of Commons. But the question of the grant of supplies, in itself of immense importance, is by no means the whole of the issue between the two Houses which is to be referred to the people. The present Ministry, or rather that of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, has made itself responsible for proposals to recast the Constitution by withdrawing from the House of Lords its legislative functions. It is hardly too much to say that their proposal is virtually to abolish the House of Lords as a legislative chamber, whilst leaving an ornamental status to the individual Peers. Therefore, whilst the one side wishes to establish for the House of Lords control over the supplies of the year, thereby increasing its authority to an extent which it is by no means easy to measure, the other wishes to establish a single-chamber Parliamentary system in which the House of Commons of the day, elected for a limited time, is to exercise complete control over legislation and over the executive government.

We will leave it to others to char-

acterize the statesmanship which has most unnecessarily brought the country to such a choice. To vest the whole of national sovereignty in the House of Commons is to establish a national convention unchecked and uncheckable by anything short of physical force. This seems to be the ultimate policy of His Majesty's Ministers! To give power to the Conservative majority of the House of Lords over the finance of the year is to make Liberal Administration impossible. The right and power to reject the Budget means the right and power to dismiss the Ministers, since a Government cannot exist without "supplies." But for the House of Lords to cause the dismissal of the Ministers of the King whilst those Ministers enjoy the enthusiastic confidence of the House of Commons is to most Englishmen hardly thinkable. But this appears to be the policy of the Opposition!

Within the last few weeks the country has had the advantage of listening to the speeches of Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Balfour. Mr. Asquith is, and the other two have been, Prime Minister. But curiously enough not one of the three has had the direct sanction and approval of the electorate for his administration. Lord Rosebery, on Mr. Gladstone's resignation, stepped into his place. On Lord Salisbury's resignation his nephew, the Leader of the House of Commons, succeeded him. But the General Elections of 1895 and 1906 destroyed the majorities that had placed Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury in office, and swept away their successors. It is only two years since, on Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's death, the King sent for Mr. Asquith; and thus so far he also has been without the strength that comes from a direct popular vote of confidence in his leadership. Should Mr. Asquith, as seems not improbable, return from



the General Election with a majority behind him, even should that majority be considerably reduced, we should expect his personal authority in the Cabinet, in Parliament, and the country to be greatly strengthened, and his ministry to show, far more than it has yet done, that solidarity of aim and purpose to which strong leadership is essential.

The questions before the public are: first, the merits and demerits of the Budget; secondly, the expected action of the House of Lords in rejecting it; thirdly, the policy of Tariff Reform promised by the Conservative leader, as the alternative to the Budget.

On the first of these questions the speech of Lord Rosebery to the business men of Glasgow has been, in some respects, the most weighty criticism yet delivered. It was a speech made to an educated audience, intended to influence the opinion throughout the country of men of affairs. And doubtless in this Lord Rosebery has been successful. In our last number we pointed out what appeared to us to be the chief faults of the Finance Bill. Read by the light of the foolish speeches of Mr. Lloyd George and the Lord Advocate, it may well terrify, as Lord Rosebery pointed out, classes far more numerous than "dukes," or the wealthy proprietors of large landed estates. Even the more statesmanlike reasoning of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey has failed to convince moderate men that the Bill, even as it leaves the House of Commons, is fair and just as between different classes of property owners, or that the plan upon which these vast sums are to be raised is consistent with sound national economy. It would be quite impossible for any Chancellor of the Exchequer to increase taxation to the extent of sixteen millions a year without raising a storm of opposition from people and interests who honestly considered them-

selves unfairly dealt with. That may be granted. But it is largely due to the wildly extravagant speeches made by supporters of the Ministry, from whose language Ministers themselves have not publicly ventured to dissociate themselves, and to the vulgar clap-trap (there is no other word for it) of the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself, that a feeling far stronger than mere grumbling at prospective burdens has grown up, and that it has become possible for the Opposition with some plausibility to declare that the Budget is Socialistic—meaning, we suppose thereby, that it is an attack upon the very institution of private property.

In the House of Commons some of the harshest features of the Finance Bill have been greatly modified: the owners of lands and houses have received from Mr. Lloyd George the benefit of a more just estimate of profits under Schedule A; the expenses of valuation are not to be thrown upon owners; the proposed taxation of "ungotten minerals" has been given up, but additional taxation has been put on the owner's profits from mines actually worked<sup>1</sup>; the imposition of the annual duty on undeveloped land it is not intended to apply to agricultural land, though the words of the Bill do not seem to give effect to that intention, if at least agricultural land means land used in agriculture. In various other respects the Bill has been amended in the House of Commons in the direction desired. It still remains the case that the owners of mines and the owners of lands, and the large numbers of persons indirectly interested with them, are to be burdened beyond others with taxation upon principles which the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his colleagues have entirely failed to explain to the comprehension of practical men of affairs. And if this is so as

<sup>1</sup> Thus the result is to charge the owner of mines income tax twice over. Why?

regards land, there is also much reason for fearing, having again regard to the language of some Ministers, that the proposed taxation of the liquor interest indicates a spirit of political vindictiveness, which that powerful interest will not be slow to resent. More than all, the Budget remains open to Lord Rosebery's charge that Ministers are using the capital of the country to pay for its annual expenditure. Mr. Asquith has dismissed this far too airily; and Mr. Haldane, we think, in the House of Commons fell into the same error. It is unnecessary to deal again with questions discussed in our last number. The imposition of very heavy death duties does as a matter of fact force the withdrawal of capital out of productive employment in order to pour it into the Treasury. We do not agree that it comes to the same thing to the State or to the individual whether the annual income of the nation is derived from these heavy occasional payments out of private capital, or is drawn from the annual income of individual taxpayers. Still less can we agree that heavy taxation, whether of capital or income, does not tend to burden industry and to reduce employment because the State uses its revenues very largely in itself giving employment. If so, the larger our Army and Navy, the greater the number of State employes, the better for our national industrial position. This Ministerial argument is almost worthy of Tariff Reformers in its simple faith in the efficacy of taxation in making business spin!

The Finance Bill has been greatly improved in its passage through the House of Commons; but it remains a bad Bill still. It has been framed by a Minister with no previous knowledge of finance, based upon no thought-out principles or intelligent forecast of its operation. It has been largely supported by speeches—we will not say

arguments—more fit to find a place on a platform in Hyde Park or Trafalgar Square than in a discussion amongst statesmen. Assuredly it was not wise to entrust the overhauling in a single session of our whole financial system to the inexperienced hands of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, however great the reliance of the Government on a majority willing to accept at their hands anything they might lay before it. It is of little use in the present situation of affairs to point out the errors of the past. It is all-important to realize the true position in which the country now stands. The funds must be provided to cover the national expenditure up to April next. The Ministers of the Crown have presented their scheme to the House of Commons, where it has been largely amended; and the Bill, be it good or bad, is now in ordinary course to be presented to the House of Lords.

Lord Rosebery rightly did not take upon himself to advise the Peers in advance. His language showed that he appreciated the general rule that national finance and the annual grant of supplies were the exclusive business of the House of Commons. He was not addressing the Peers upon their duty, but an assembly of business men on the business aspects of the Budget. A few years ago the late Duke of Devonshire, in a similar fashion, severely criticized and condemned Sir William Harcourt's proposed death duties; but it need hardly be said that it did not occur to him, as a Constitutional statesman, to advise the House of Lords to reject them. This advice Mr. Chamberlain has now given. Hot party men, without apparently considering where this advice will lead them, have applauded it to the echo. A wave of feeling in the Conservative party has been created before which many men whose own reflection must warn them of the danger will bend in silence.

Hence, owing to the violence of some and the weakness of others, the country is within measurable distance of a constitutional crisis more formidable than has occurred since 1832.

At a time when serious attack is threatened upon the constitutional status of the House of Lords, the true friends of that Chamber should be especially solicitous that it should itself confine its action within constitutional limits, and exercise even those functions that admittedly belong to it with prudence and discretion. When the quarrel is merely on a question of privilege between the two Houses, and is left to them, ancient precedents will be ransacked, authorities quoted, and learned arguments employed to solve the difficulty. But if the electorate is to be invited to decide the issue, much broader considerations of a more utilitarian character will prevail. Little importance will be attached to resolutions of the House of Commons in the seventeenth century, or to reiterated assertions on the other side of the privileges of the Peers. Men will think of the consequences of their decision at the present day upon the working of the Constitution; and for the most part they will be very impatient of fine-spun argument. They know that as a matter of fact the House of Lords never amends and hardly ever rejects a "money bill"; and it appears to the simple mind of the "man in the street" that the Finance Bill of the year is certainly a "money bill." But if the House of Lords is to take upon itself to reject money Bills, especially the money Bill of money Bills—the Finance Bill, the Budget of the year—what is to happen next?

It is very difficult to believe even now that the House of Lords will take upon itself to refuse the supplies to the Ministers of the Crown. It is one thing to criticise the Budget, and point out that the revenue should be raised

in other ways. Quite another thing to make use of the permanent party majority of the House of Lords to take a step entirely beyond its usual and recognized functions, and reject *in toto* the Finance Bill of the year. Lord Rosebery's speech and Mr. Chamberlain's letter are conceived on different lines. In the meantime there are two governing considerations staring us in the face, which, nevertheless, are apparently very often lost sight of. One is that the vast expenditure of the nation, which the Opposition do not propose to diminish, can only be met by high taxation. The second is that the statesmen to whom the House of Commons gives its confidence are Ministers of the Crown, the advisers of the Sovereign, the heads of the Executive, and that it is their first duty, in the famous words of the Duke of Wellington, to "carry on the King's government." During the last century, on two occasions the House of Lords acted in such a manner as to justify in the opinion of the advisers of the Sovereign recourse to exceptional methods. The House of Lords would have been acting entirely within its admitted constitutional rights in rejecting the Reform Bill of 1832. No one ventured to suggest in 1871 that that House had not authority to reject the Purchase portion of the Army Bill. But in each case the unwisdom, not the illegality, of its action, and the consequences that would probably result from it, compelled Ministers, in their own opinion, at least, to take very exceptional measures for guarding the national weal. They had recourse to the Royal Prerogative in order to carry on the King's government. History has approved the conduct of Lord Grey and of Mr. Gladstone, whilst deploring the action of the Opposition in the House of Lords which had made it necessary.

The present situation, it need scarcely be said, differs very widely

from those to which reference has been made. For one thing the special remedies which were on those occasions found effective could not be applied, and would not be appropriate, to deal with the threatened emergency. Taxes cannot be imposed by Royal Warrant; nor is a creation of peers by the hundred within the domain of practical politics. Is it quite certain, however, that Ministers of the Crown backed by an enthusiastic House of Commons may not find means of confining the House of Lords for the future to the exercise of their authority in strict accordance with the customs of the Constitution? If the Peers not merely act with great imprudence, but strain their authority to its extreme limits, and in the opinion of many moderate men even go beyond them, the inducement will be great to their adversaries, who we must repeat are responsible for the government of the country, to strain things a little on their side, if by so doing they can end a deadlock. It must be remembered that Ministers of the Crown, *plus* the House of Commons, if once it comes to straining or overstepping strict constitutional limits, can play the game far more effectively than the House of Lords. Hence, it would be the very height of unwisdom for the latter to be the first to depart from the well-trodden paths of constitutional usage.

The contention of the Opposition is that this heroic action of the House of Lords is to be justified by the exceptional and revolutionary character of the Finance Bill. The threatened stoppage of the year's supplies by the Lords cannot be defended on less high ground than this. The Bill is without doubt a new departure in finance. Its tendencies may be, as Lord Rosebery thinks, towards revolution. The principles involved, if they were to be logically carried out, may become exceedingly dangerous to almost every form

of property. Indeed it is difficult to see upon what principle (setting aside Mr. Chamberlain's doctrine of ransom, which in former days so greatly excited the wrath of Lord Salisbury) Mr. Lloyd George has founded his proposals.

The Bill itself, however, only regulates the finance of the current year, and decides the method of raising the revenue up to April next, when the whole subject again comes up for consideration. There will be time and opportunity in future sessions and future Parliaments to ward off many of the dire consequences that have been anticipated. We are therefore inclined to doubt whether the danger of revolution and national ruin is so great and so imminent as to require the immediate intervention of the Peers, which in itself will be regarded by no small portion of the public as "revolutionary." That much-abused word is one for which we have little liking either as applied to Ministerial finance or to the impending action of the House of Lords. It is at least certain that if the Budget is a new departure in finance, its rejection after it has passed the Commons will be a new departure on the part of the House of Lords, and one fraught with very important consequences.

Before we consider some of these consequences it is right to notice the changes that time has brought in the relation of Parliament in both its branches to the people and of the two Houses to each other. We have referred to the crisis of 1832. That was a great struggle, some would say the last struggle, between Privilege and Democracy. Imperfect as the old system of representation was, on the subject of reform it was impossible to doubt that the House of Commons just elected upon that issue truly represented the people. The House of Lords did not and could not profess to be the

true interpreters of national opinion in the opposite sense. The Peers believed that the Reform Bill meant revolution, and they thought that it was their duty to act upon their honest belief; and so they went within an ace of producing the revolution which they were anxious to avert. The peace of the kingdom was saved by an exceptional, we will not call it a revolutionary, exercise or proposed exercise of the Royal Prerogative. Since those days the Constitution of the House of Commons has been fundamentally altered three times over by Act of Parliament, viz. in 1832, in 1868, and in 1885. The House of Lords remains formally unchanged. When, however, we come to regard not merely the formal changes that have been made by Statute, but changes, hardly less, due to a gradual modification of surrounding circumstances, we find that the House of Lords has come to stand in quite a different relation to the people and to the House of Commons from that which it occupied in pre-Reform Bill days. The House of Lords has learnt the lesson that it must defer to the considered judgment of the people. It even goes so far as to claim to interpret it. In reference to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy it has been proved that the considered judgment of the nation was on the side of the House of Lords. It is always foolish not to recognize and lay one's account with facts; and Ministers and Radicals are blind indeed if they suppose that even such action as the rejection of a Budget by the House of Lords means nothing more than a struggle between the privileges or rights of the Peers on one side and the People on the other. In producing a struggle of this sort the Peers may act unwisely and rashly; but they will certainly have on their side a portion of the electorate to be reckoned by millions.

Contemporaneously with these silent

changes that time has worked in the position of the House of Lords, the House of Commons also has suffered changes due to other causes than Reform Acts. On more than one occasion it has been pointed out in the *Edinburgh Review* that the House of Commons in modern times has tended to become less truly representative of the variety of opinion and political thought and aspiration than it ought to be and used to be. Whilst the Peers have been betaking themselves to the platform, Members of Parliament have been prostrating themselves before the caucus. No self-respecting representative of the people should take his orders from external authority. Yet at no period has there been such an absence of independent individuality from the benches of the House of Commons as at present. There are, of course, in the House different sections of opinion, but these do not encourage *individual* independence. The Nationalist or the Labor Member is less, not more, free than those who belong to the larger parties. The courage that used to distinguish those who during Liberal administrations sat "below the gangway" seems to have departed as completely as the independence of spirit which on the opposite benches once animated a "Fourth Party." The debates of the House of Commons have lost interest with the public and with the House itself, even Ministers whose departments are not directly concerned being absent during the discussion of matters of the highest importance. The spectacle of the House of Commons passing Bills, the discussion of large portions of which has been forbidden by Ministers and an obedient majority, has deeply discredited with the public the representative chamber. On this subject the one party is as much to blame as the other; and when Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith change sides they



simply exchange the parts and the speeches which they played and made a few months earlier! Had not the House of Commons in late years deeply suffered in the public esteem we should never have heard of a proposal to control by the House of Lords the exclusive privileges, as they have hitherto been deemed, of the representative House over the finance of the nation.

Mr. Asquith in his reply at Birmingham to Lord Rosebery's speech at Glasgow argued that the Budget as a whole, with its tobacco and spirit taxes, its land taxes, and its death duties, was an attempt to spread the burden of taxation fairly, paying due regard to the strength of the shoulders upon which the burden was laid. Turning to the Tariff Reformers he had an easier task, when he asked them for their alternative. They talked about taxes on imports, small and widespread:

"Why should your import duties be small if they are going to fall mainly or largely upon the foreigner? Why should they be widespread in face of the lesson taught by our own experience that the more numerous you make your duties the more costly they are to collect and the more easy to evade? Why, again, should raw material, the raw material of industry, be exempted if you do not except food, which is the raw material of mankind? But one thing is perfectly clear, that at this moment you cannot raise the sum you require, or anything approaching to it, let alone give to the Colonies the only preference which will be of any use to them, unless you are going to tax, and tax substantially, our imports of foreign foods and all those kinds of food—corn, meat, bacon, butter—which enter into the daily consumption of the people, which are staple necessities of our national life. Is this, or is it not, the alternative policy that is going to be presented to the country?"

He could hardly believe, he said, that "either by mutilation or rejection, it matters not by which, the House of

Lords would set aside the provision which the House of Commons has made for the financial necessities of the State. Talk of revolutions, gentlemen, this would be, indeed, the most formidable and the most fundamental since the days of the Long Parliament."

He had no difficulty in showing that for a long course of years the claim of the Commons to be supreme over finance had been universally recognized; that Lord Rosebery and Lord Salisbury had fully admitted it, and that as lately as the Session before last Mr. Balfour, speaking as leader of the Opposition, had said, "We all know that the power of the House of Lords is still further limited by the fact that it cannot touch these Money Bills, which if it could deal with, no doubt it could bring the whole executive machinery of the country to a standstill."

Five days later Mr. Balfour, also at Birmingham, referred to this speech. He made no distinct reference to his own recent language as to the incompetency of the House of Lords to touch money bills; though Mr. Chamberlain, in his letter which was read by the Chairman of the meeting, urged the House of Lords to withhold assent from the Finance Bill. He may naturally have felt that anything which he might say on that subject would be taken as advice to the Peers, whom it was not his business to lead. He did, however, plainly declare for "Tariff Reform"—hitherto "Fiscal Reform" he has preferred to call it—but whether even now he means the Tariff Reform of the Tariff Reformers, that revival of the past follies and injustices of the old exploded system of Protection, he did not explain. In allusion, it is presumed, to the Prime Minister's words as to the constitution and incapacity of the House of Lords to control finance, and the citations he had made from the speeches of Lord Salisbury, Lord Rose-



bery, and himself, in support of that view, Mr. Balfour made the following remarks, almost worthy of Disraeli:

"There are those who fill their speeches with constitutional antiquarianism on the subject of the House of Lords, or, if they be of a different temperament, fill their speeches with the bluster of the political bully. It is not the House of Lords more than the House of Commons who have the right or the title, and who will be able to decide an issue so great or important. The only tribunal, the only court of final appeal which can declare between the two alternative policies now before the country, which can say whether we are to go down-hill under Socialism or up-hill under Tariff Reform, are the people of this country."

The "people of this country" are here divided into two classes—Socialists and Tariff Reformers! We doubt whether this is good electioneering; for not only is it not the case, but everyone knows that it is not so. Multitudes of good citizens have no desire to go either up-hill or down-hill with Tariff Reformers or Socialists as their companions. They would greatly prefer to tread the level plain of common-sense, in the company of wiser men than those partisans who can see in political opposition and criticism nothing but "socialism" or "revolution."

The late Lord Salisbury pointed out the principle that has made it impossible in our system for the House of Lords to control the National Finance. You cannot extend the legislative authority exercised by that Chamber as regards ordinary bills to "money bills" without placing the Executive at the mercy of the House of Lords. To take away from the advisers of the King and the chosen of the House of Commons the power of the purse is in effect to drive them from office. A Prime Minister who is refused the supplies is not in a position to "carry on

the King's Government." The natural course in such circumstances would be at once to resign. It is said that nowadays a vote of the House of Lords does not turn out a Ministry. But that is merely because that House has confined itself to its proper business of legislation, and has not attempted to put a stop to the working of administration. Whether, however, Mr. Asquith resigns, leaving it to Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne to bring in a Budget of their own which will satisfy the House of Lords, or whether, on the contrary, he thinks it his duty to dissolve, a period of very undesirable confusion is bound to result for a time; and this may possibly continue till the only escape from it is found by methods most English statesmen would deplore.

Should Lord Lansdowne and the House of Lords determine to act upon advice oddly described by Mr. Balfour as "the matured judgment" of Mr. Chamberlain, the demerits of the Budget, which are great, will largely be lost sight of in a struggle for supremacy between Lords and Commons. The advocates of rejection allege that all they wish is to give the electorate itself the power to pronounce for or against the finance of the Ministry. They are, however, doing a great deal more than this; for they are asserting as a matter of fact a claim on behalf of the House of Lords which, to put it plainly, is quite inconsistent with the future carrying on of the King's Government on the old lines. This does not appear to us to be wise tactics. But what can be said of the tactics which would combine with the defence of the House of Lords the advocacy of a Budget the principal feature of which will be to impose taxation on corn, and beef, and mutton, and dairy produce, the essentials of consumption to the very poorest of our poor. Protection and the House of Lords are to

stand or fall together. *Quos deus vult perdere prius dementat.*

The House of Lords of to-day, as we have already shown, represents much more than the sentiments or prejudices of the Peerage. It is, however, its misfortune to be to the most extreme degree identified with the "Conservative Party." It is natural and probably useful that a second Chamber should have strongly Conservative instincts. But it ought not to allow itself to be made use of merely to play what is considered the "party game." Is it in any sense a truly Conservative proceeding to force a general election under present circumstances? It may, or may not, result in a gain of the Conservative party at the polls; but there are much deeper considerations than this that should commend themselves to the minds of true Conservatives. We know that "the matured judgment" of many men, Conservative and Liberal, differs widely from that of Mr. Chamberlain. They cannot doubt that if his advice be followed, the action of the House of Lords in destroying, after a few hours of one-sided debate, the labors of many months of the House of Commons, will there, at all events, be passionately resented. It is not wise to run violently counter to what may be called the natural instinct of every House of Commons that ever sat at Westminster. It is unfortunate that the Leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords has never himself sat in the other House. Still, he has had very long experience of affairs, and has shown himself a wise and prudent statesman, likely to be averse from violent courses. Are the counsels of prudent men to be overborne by irresponsible party clamor, a letter from Mr. Chamberlain, and the shouts of a great gathering at Birmingham?

If so, the action of the Lords will, of course, be represented all over the

Kingdom as an attack upon the hitherto acknowledged authority of the House of Commons. Now there is, we rejoice to think, a widespread sentiment throughout England of loyalty to the House of Commons as an institution. Doubtless an occasional House of Commons, as in past times an occasional Sovereign, has done little to enhance a sentiment of respect or attachment to itself; but just as loyalty to the throne was never destroyed in the breasts of Englishmen by the occasional imperfections of a King, so the veneration for Parliament (and it was the Commons' House of Parliament alone with which the People were in touch) has always been an instinctive feeling amongst all good citizens. No institutions are perfect; but there is, we venture to say, throughout the world no political institution in existence to-day, or of which history tells us, that can compare, either in the homely quality of usefulness or in the splendor of its great traditions, with the House of Commons. It is an unwise thing to ask the House of Lords to abridge the customary authority of the House of Commons over finance. It is a reckless thing to appeal to the electorate on such an issue.

Supposing, however, against what appear to be the probabilities, that the House of Lords wins, and that a Conservative majority is returned at the General Election. Mr. Balfour or Lord Lansdowne would, we presume, form a Government. What a situation would be theirs! The payment for the extravagances of the past, at present the pleasing duty of those who incurred them, would become the immediate and most pressing duty of the new Ministry. But the Conservative minority in the present Parliament has never urged economy. On the contrary, they have complained loudly that expenditure on the Services has been insufficient; and they propose, we

gather, rather to extend than to curtail the provision for Old Age Pensions. If so, they will have to spend not less but more than their predecessors; that is to say, they will have to raise more money by taxation than even Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George propose to do. "Oh, there is no difficulty about finding the money!" used to be the tone of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer when gaily anticipating an annual addition of sixteen millions to the expenditure of the nation. Has the Ministry found it so simple? It is quite easy for Conservative candidates on platforms to say that we will make the Germans, and the French, and the Americans pay our taxes. But when we come to business it seems more than doubtful whether we should benefit *ourselves* as purchasers by surrounding our markets with toll-bars against those who want to sell to us and from whom we want to buy. Tariff Reformers, with a prescience and a lightness of heart worthy of Mr. Lloyd George himself, turn to Protection; and their first step is to be the imposition of taxes, as Mr. Asquith points out, on the necessary daily food of the people. What a prospect, we say again, for an incoming Conservative Government!

Supposing, on the other hand, that a majority is returned to support Mr. Asquith; and this seems the more probable result of a General Election fought under the conditions proposed. The same Budget will of course be approved by the new House of Commons, and be presented, possibly with some minor changes, to the House of Lords, which will then pass it. It will become law with the added sanction that comes from a direct popular ratification, and this will make it all the more difficult to amend in some future House of Commons, as amended it most assuredly ought to be. The then Opposition will probably contend that this sacred

measure ought not to be touched without a direct appeal to the people; and if they only had a second Chamber of their own party, they would be able to enforce the appeal. Far wiser in every respect would it be for the House of Lords to follow precedent, and the prudent counsel of Lord Salisbury, and leave finance to the House of Commons. In another Parliament with a more skilled financier than Mr. Lloyd George at the Exchequer, though rich men will probably still have to bear heavier proportionate burdens than they have done in the past, the grosser inequalities and arbitrary unfairness of taxation, which necessarily cause in men a rankling sense of injustice far keener than a mere dislike to pay the tax-gatherers, will be removed by the only authority capable of overhauling the national finances—the House of Commons.

Whatever the issue of the next General Election may be, it seems certain that, if brought about in the way proposed by Mr. Chamberlain, the question of making very considerable changes in the Constitution will become an immediate one. It could not, perhaps, in any case be deferred much longer; for if both Houses are to be led and to conduct themselves on strict party lines in the future, we shall have a legislative deadlock whenever the Liberals are in a majority of the House of Commons. That we need a checking and revising Chamber is generally admitted, and the present condition of business in the House of Commons, the modern relations of that House to the Government and to the country, make the necessity for such a Chamber more than ever apparent. There has been a good deal of talk about a reconstituted House of Lords, and various schemes have been tentatively put forward as suggestions for an improved second Chamber. There has also been much vague language

used about "The Referendum," a plan to which surely no one can have recourse unless he has abandoned the Parliamentary system altogether in absolute despair!

It is fortunate that at such a time Mr. McKechnie, already well known to the public as the author of an excellent commentary on *Magna Carta*, has come forward with an admirable, though most unpretending little book, to put clearly before his readers the problem which reformers have to solve. It was written, indeed, before it had been suggested that the House of Lords should make itself in any way responsible for the national finance. Power over finance is within the authority of some second Chambers in other countries; conspicuously in the system of the United States, where, however, neither the Senate nor the House of Representatives controls the Executive. There the Government is placed in office for four years at the Presidential Election by a direct vote of the people. In this country, we must repeat, should a second Chamber obtain power over money Bills, it would thereby acquire an authority over the Executive Government quite unlike what belongs to it in its ordinary legislative capacity. Englishmen are doubtless agreed that however we may reconstruct our second Chamber, the House of Commons is to remain the first Chamber with power to control, to continue, and to dismiss the advisers of the King.

Again, most men are probably agreed that there is no use in a second Chamber whose sole function is to say "ditto" to the decrees of the first. If the House of Lords never amended or never rejected a Bill sent to it by the House of Commons, it had better cease to exist altogether; peers finding doubtless, in many cases, some compensation for their "abolition" in the increased influence they would gain from their

relegation to the green benches of "another place." What is needed is an efficient checking, restraining, and revising Chamber, to operate as part of the regular legislative machinery of the country. If we keep in our machinery a second Chamber at all, it seems childish to get into a passion whenever that part of the machinery comes into operation.

Many of the Peers are themselves quite as well aware as other people that the constitution of their Chamber leaves much to be desired. The duties they have to perform are not always very pleasant ones. For the most part it was not by any voluntary act of their own that they became legislators. Some have little inclination to take part in the business of politics; and it may well be doubted whether on their own account the majority of the Peers set any great store on the "Privileges of the Peerage." There can be no dispute that amongst the 600 of whom the House of Lords consists there are a large number of men whom the country would choose, if it had the power, as members of a second Chamber, men who by distinguished public service or eminence in the great professions, or in the world of commerce, have achieved an outstanding position. Lord Rosebery's Committee of the House of Lords this year went so far as to recommend that by birth only no one should be qualified to sit in that House; that the 600 should be reduced to 400 sitting Peers, either qualified by birth *plus* public services, or elected by their brother peers after some such fashion as the peers of Scotland and Ireland, whose creations date earlier than the respective Union of these kingdoms (due provision, however, being made for the representation of minorities). These, with the addition of a limited number of life Peers, a reduced number of spiritual Peers, and some representatives of the Colonies,

would, in the opinion of the Committee, provide a greatly improved Chamber.

Mr. McKechnie states very shortly, and at the same time very forcibly, the reasons why so many men of moderate politics are anxious to secure an improved second Chamber. The shortcomings of the House of Commons itself, no less than the imperfections of the House of Lords, make some reform desirable. He examines in order to dismiss the suggested remedy of "The Referendum." There is no similarity between the conditions here and in Switzerland:

"When the Bill comes before the Swiss electors, it has already been approved by both Houses of the Legislature. It contains all the amendments and compromises which their united or divided wisdom has been capable of devising. The form of the Bill is fixed and agreed to by both Houses. Parliament says to the nation, Take it or leave it as it stands. A simple Yes or No alone is asked for. In England, on the contrary, it is proposed to use the Referendum in cases where the Houses have disagreed. In such cases the issue is rarely a plain one of Yes or No. Further, when the Houses have failed to agree as to the substance of the Bill, it is also more than likely that they would fail to agree upon the exact form of the issue to be placed before the Nation. To allow the Ministry of the day, or (what comes practically to the same thing) to allow the Parliamentary majority in the Commons to determine the exact issue 'to be referred,' might at times place the Cabinet in an embarrassing situation, but would more frequently end in depriving the House of Lords of all power of amendment, leaving them with no means of forcing a compromise or to making their weight felt in the Legislature in any form whatever. The Commons, whenever a referendum seemed inevitable—and that would occur whenever the Lords refused to efface themselves—would reason logically enough, that the Lower Chamber

plus the popular vote could make any laws they pleased; would laugh to scorn all suggested amendments; and would draft the supposed Bill exactly in such form as suited them, and then say to the Nation, There is the Bill as we have framed it. If you do not take that exactly as it stands—however lop-sided, unfair, or extreme you may think it—you will not get any Bill at all."

The electors would, Mr. McKechnie points out, allow many bad Bills to pass rather than get no Bill at all. Thus

"the House of Lords reduced to a negligible quantity, would drop out altogether of the practical machinery of the Legislature, which would then consist of two factors—the people's Chamber and the people. The latter, with no opportunities of debate and no power of amendment, could in no way take the place of a revising Chamber."

It is the merit of Mr. McKechnie that he is always practical in his outlook on the world of politics. Imagine the late Education Bill, or the present Finance Bill, being referred to the direct vote of the people—Yes or No! Anyone who has any acquaintance either with the British elector or the British Act of Parliament knows that to bring them into such direct and close relations would give rise to confusion absolutely beyond description. As a part of the ordinary legislative machinery of the kingdom, the Referendum cannot take its place in the British Constitution.

The suggestions which Mr. McKechnie ventures to throw out deserve careful consideration. He is for more thoroughgoing reform of the House of Lords than Lord Rosebery's Committee; though perhaps not more than Lord Rosebery himself. In his view the 600 Peers might elect 200 of their number every Parliament. To these might be added life Peers, to the num-



ber ultimately of 200, created by the King on the advice of the Prime Minister. He would further recommend that Bills instead of being dealt with in Committee of the whole House should be sent before large Committees, appointed after the fashion of the Committees of the Senate or House of Representatives in the United States, with a chairman of the political party to which the Administration belongs, and with a majority of that party on each Committee:

"In the United States legislation is practically the work of Standing Committees of the two Houses of Congress, and not of Congress as a whole. The Vice-President of the States as Speaker of the Senate nominates the numbers of these Committees at the commencement of each Congress, and it has become a constitutional convention that the President's party should have a bare majority of one in each Committee. The Lord Chancellor might be allowed to perform for the House of Lords a similar duty on similar lines, or some alternative method of securing an approximation to equality might be devised; for example, by means of a Committee of Selection, to follow a precedent set by the House of Commons. They should be strongly manned Committees; and it should be an essential feature of the suggested expedient that the findings of the House of Lords Committees should carry great weight with them."

It would be, the author of the scheme points out, an advantage to draw some sort of line between the revising and the suspending functions of the reformed House. In matters of detail, or where the House did not wish to make a stand, the work of legislation would be that of a Committee where parties would be fairly balanced, and its work the House would, no doubt, usually confirm. Second readings and matters of vital principle would be decided by the whole House.

Mr. McKechnie does not of course profess to put forward a cut-and-dried scheme for constructing a new chamber. He merely throws out suggestions; and these deserve to be very carefully considered.

There certainly is no reason to suppose that the House of Lords will meet with dogged opposition all schemes for its own reform. The fact is undisputed that the House as at present constituted contains a majority of Peers who are unfitted to act as legislators, and who have acquiesced in their unfitness by habitually staying away; and a minority both willing to act and well equipped for the work of the legislature by birth, education, and family traditions. This, says Mr. McKechnie (p. 101) very truly, suggests as the proper treatment the retention of the fit and the exclusion of the unfit; and he would trust the Peers themselves to select the best men amongst them rather than arbitrarily lay down a list of "qualifications," as proposed by the House of Lords Committee. Reform can only properly be carried out by statute; and given a patriotic desire on the part of leading statesmen to accomplish it, there is nothing, we believe, in the prevailing prejudices amongst the rank-and-file of either Chamber which should render it impossible of accomplishment. It is not the wish of reformers to diminish the constitutional powers of the House of Commons by adding to those of the House of Lords. They do not wish to see the former become a National Convention. On the other hand, they are quite content that the House of Lords should remain the weakest, or amongst the weakest, of all the second Chambers to be found in Europe or America. Do not increase its powers or its "privileges," but let it be rendered, if possible, more efficient to do the work for which it is almost universally agreed that some second Chamber



is required. In these views Mr. McKechnie carries with him the great majority of moderate politicians who have ever given the subject a thought.

It is in this way, by reconstructing and by patching and amending, that the Constitution has been kept fit to do its work in the ever-changing conditions of our national growth. It has always hitherto been found possible to adapt it to the facts. In some way or another this must be done, or the system will lose all its virtue. Under the same Constitution, the Monarchical, Aristocratic, and Democratic elements have played at different times very different parts. It has, on the whole, worked successfully, because the Constitution was always so interpreted and used as to give expression to the facts.

It is possible, perhaps, that the time may come when the form of the Constitution as we know it may travesty the facts rather than represent them; and, if so, it will break down. If, for instance, at some distant day a General Election ceases to be the real choice of national representatives, and becomes simply the instrumentality by which an Executive Government is placed in power for the duration of a Parliament; if the legislative chambers, either or both, should become nothing more than the "tied bondmen" of the Government of the day; if party discipline comes to be enforced with such rigor that both sides vote to order, and all individuality and initiative are crushed out, then it may eventually be necessary that the Constitution and the facts should be brought into conformity, that the direct choice of the Executive for a term of years should be recognized as the proper function of the electorate, and that the Houses of the legislature should be limited to the performance of the somewhat humbler functions exercised by the two chambers of the American Congress, which,

it will be remembered, can throw out Bills but not eject a Ministry from office. Should that change ever come about, members of both branches of the legislature will be able by speech and vote to indicate more freely their real opinions on the measures submitted to them, since with those measures the existence of the Ministry and the fate of party could not be bound up. It may become necessary some day to do as other countries and our colonies have done—provide ourselves with a written Constitution.

These are, however, speculations as to a future which may never arrive. We have no wish to see by the introduction of "plebiscite" or "referendum," or "written Constitution" the fundamental reversal of principles upon which our Parliamentary institutions have always rested. Let us rather, if we can, reform on the old lines. On this account we cordially welcome the suggestions which Mr. McKechnie has thrown out, and the spirit of practical reform and true Conservatism in which they are made.

In the meantime the immediate necessities of the day are becoming most urgent. Money must be obtained. At this time of year the departments would usually be busied in preparing the estimates of expenditure for the coming year to be laid before the House of Commons next session, and it would be in regard to these that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would frame his financial scheme for the year 1910-1911. If the House meets, after a General Election, next February or March, it will have, in fact, to settle the Budgets for two years! But difficulties will begin long before February next should the House of Lords next month refuse to pass the Finance Bill. The taxes already paid on the strength of a House of Commons resolution, which it was expected that Parliament would ratify, will become

the subject of dispute, and a situation entirely abnormal will have to be faced by the King's Ministers, to whichever party they belong. With a House of Commons supporting Ministers, it might not be very difficult to make arrangements to tide over the next three months; but for Ministers in office who do not enjoy that confidence the problem would be an extraordinarily difficult if not an impossible one.

The crisis at which we appear to have arrived need not and ought not to have occurred. It has been brought about by the extremists of both parties, by their violence of language on platforms and in the Press, and the silent

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acquiescence of the large bulk of moderate men in the extravagances on their own side of politics. The rejection of the Finance Bill by the House of Lords involves much more than party tactics. It concerns political principles of the most fundamental kind, and it will entail far-reaching consequences. Even yet it is not too late to hope that prudent statesmanship will regain command of the situation, and that the House of Lords and the country will be saved from the *impasse* into which wilder politicians with light hearts and loud shoutings would recklessly drive them.

### M. JUSSERAND ON THE AGE OF SHAKESPEARE. \*

A great nation is seldom over-modest, and yet it does seem as if in one department at least our compatriots are unduly self-depreciatory. It is a rooted superstition that England, so great in poetry and fiction, has been starved for the lack of great critics. In special studies, lives, commentaries, and editions we may be more than able to hold our own, so it is often contended; but we have had no Sainte-Beuve! We have had no Sainte-Beuve. It is true, but we have, since the days when Macaulay and Villemain were in the ascendant, had a succession of critics fully comparable to those of France. With the exception of Arnold and Pater they have not, as a rule, been so academic as the great critics of France. They have lost something in respect of environment and of the difference of taste which seems in England to retard the acceptance of literary essays until their authors have won their spurs in some quite separate

field. In the event, however, it may be doubted if any French critics of their generation are more alive to-day than are Bagehot, Symonds, Stephen, Henry, Stevenson, and it may be four or five others. The real superiority of the French is seen, not in the open fields of biography and criticism at all, but precisely in those special codes or treatises and long exhaustive studies of particular writers which need steady perseverance, prolonged and arduous toil, ingenuous faith, fervent self-denial, the discipline of a strong back joined to that of an exceptionally subservient brain.

The same qualities that are needed in the elaboration of the wonderful monographs on Burns, Thomson, Crabbe, Wordsworth, Blake, Coleridge, and the like, which French scholars have given us during the last ten years, are indispensable in the incubation of literary history. Here again the self-sacrifice and devotion of French scholars supplies us with an object-lesson, from which, in order to achieve its full salutary effect, the ele-

\* "A Literary History of the English People." Vol. III. From the Renaissance to the Civil War II. By J. J. Jusserand. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. n.

ment of shame should not be wholly lacking. For what do we see in the case of such historians of our literature as Taine and M. Jusserand? Not one or two years merely, but a whole period of a life-time devoted to the laborious work of general preparation. To see how seriously Taine estimated his attempt to render the beautiful madness of sixteenth century poetry in England—aerial and fantastic in the case of Spenser, "like soaring on the wings of a beautiful swan," or, it may be, the rapid, tormented, and dazzling fairyland of Shakespearean comedy—we have only to consult the grave and enthusiastic letters that he wrote to his intimates upon the solemnity of his enterprise. By M. Jusserand, in like manner, the privilege of interpreting this fairyland to French readers has long been courted. All his literary work for twenty years past has been shaped to this end, and this is, one is made to feel, the apex of absolutely devoted study and collecting for the best part of a lifetime. Balzac's parable of *Le Chef d'œuvre inconnu* reveals to us the danger of such life-work being overweighted and foundering under the burden of a species of monomania; and we have been familiarized with this danger by the comparative miss-fire of books in many respects so great as Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," Grote's History, Samuel Rawson Gardiner's History, and Masson's "Life of Milton." The French writers, fortunately, have recognized at an early stage the enormous difficulty of vitalizing literary history at all, and they have sacrificed, where necessary, to this supreme object of keeping their readers variously interested. This is where the English literary histories have markedly failed. Continuity and variety of interest have been sacrificed remorselessly to suit the student's voracity for "facts." Full of the exhalations of the class-room, the histories in

most request are just herbaria full of dried opinions and, if possible, still dryer *data* for the use of adolescent critics in the examination room. Life and humor are rigorously excluded to make way for the algebraic *formulæ* applicable to a three hours' test-paper. A Frenchman could not be induced to persevere with such heroic labor upon such terms.

When Mrs. Thrale was in Paris in 1785 she tells us that she saw Pilâtre de Rozier and his brother go up in the first balloon from the Luxembourg Gardens. When they had disappeared she expressed her anxiety as to whither they would be carried, whereupon a grave man, a complete stranger, instantly made reply, "Je crois, madame, qu'ils sont allés, ces messieurs-là, pour voir le lieu où les vents se forment." And commenting upon this, thirty years later, she observes, "What fellows Frenchmen are! and always have been!" To this extent they are, at any rate—that, even in a history of literature, a Frenchman must have an opportunity of scintillating now and again, and of saying pretty things pretty often, or he will perish. M. Jusserand, for instance, cannot demean himself continuously as if he were boxed up in a study and had nothing to do but deal out and appraise books. He refuses to believe in a tiger without a lady, or a garden without a serpent. He must show us how all this old literature lived and throbbed and moulded and was modelled, like potter's clay, by everyday existence in the brave days of Eliza and our James. Symonds tried vigorously, of course, to achieve this very same thing, but, as assuredly, he overcharged the picture. He saw everything through a haze of exaggeration, lit up by colors that never were by sea or land. M. Jusserand does it with a more finished touch and a far sounder antiquarian basis, together with a pellucid French clear-

ness and a vitality and humor that are all his own. Symonds, as a writer on the English drama, was obsessed by the overtone; Jusserand gives us the whole banquet from the eggs of Lyly to the apples of Shirley. The relation of the present volume, it may here be stated, to the French original of 1904 is deliberately obscured by the method of publication. No information is supplied as to the translator, the changes effected, or the progress anticipated. The present volume, of just over 640 pages, is the third of the English version, and it covers five chapters only (V.—IX.) of the second volume of the "*Historie Littéraire du Peuple Anglais. De la Renaissance à la Guerre Civile*," issued from the Librairie de Paris in 1904 in 994 closely printed pages. The chapters in the original, dealing with the Reformation, the Tudor Monarchy, with Spenser and the poets, the novelists, historians, and critics, have already been packed away into the second volume of the translation. The third volume in its English dress sheds the chronological table ("*Memento Historique*"), but assumes a frontispiece (the Southwark entrance to London in Shakespeare's time, after Visscher), a considerable number of new and pertinent footnotes, and a greatly improved index. There are some additions to the text, such as the account of the commission given to Shakespeare by the Earl of Rutland to devise an impresa for the Whitehall tilting on the King's Birthday of 1613; but these appear to be exceptional. The new work is dovetailed into the old with dexterity, and the production of the translation as a whole leaves nothing to be desired, unless it be a little less secretiveness in informing the reader in what respects the new version differs from the French of 1904. M. Jusserand is frequently in a position to correct his English predecessors—Symonds, for example, in his extravagant pretension that

the chronicle play was peculiar to England; but the predominant feature of this book, as it now appears, is not novelty, or profundity, or controversial energy, but in an especial degree brightness, lucidity, point, perspicacity, modernity, but, above all, vivacity.

The start of the present volume is a brilliant one for M. Jusserand knows all the approaches to the Elizabethan theatre incomparably well. First, we have Broker Henslow, dealing in plays as an outside broker of to-day deals in Berthas or Kaffirs, suppressing the price as often as he can, so that he may charge double to the players within. Then the midday-ordinary, haunted by the wits and play-critics of the hour, who get their dinner in exchange for their powers of entertainment and successful demonstration of "What's What." The consequent squabble with the watermen, the flogging of many oars, and the "roaring" of the gallants who exhibit their importance by the bigness of their oaths—"Row, row, row, a pox on you, row!" All is bustle on the Bankside. Even in the lord's room "much new satin smothered to death"; and, in the gallery, an ill-flavored crowd of stinkards, groundlings, or penny-knaves are packed like seeds in a sunflower. The eclectic gallants go first into the yard and carry their eye through every gallery. "Then like unto ravens," says Gosson, "where they spy the carrion, thither they flye and press as neare to the fairest as they can and give them pippines." The throng was probably more parti-colored than a modern house. The attraction that magnetized it had sprung up, like the virtuosity of our modern "Halls," in less than a quarter of a century. To put it on its very lowest level, it is one of the Seven Wonders of the history of human entertainment. M. Jusserand makes us feel all this amply before we come to the spring. Every statement is supported by refer-

ences to chapter and verse in accordance with the strict letter of the tradition inherited from Beljame. As regards pedals it must be admitted that the historic present is generally kept down. The color is not less vivid than in a history painting by Mr. Abbey. These "effects" will influence readers differently; but of conscious or deliberate exaggeration they will have, in all these pages, exceedingly little to complain.

The audience in a sense was the condition and centre of all these spectacles, and M. Jusserand does well to enable us to picture it. He has his prepossessions, of course, and some of his old theories (which he might have adapted as a prophylactic against Taine's theory of English nationality); he thinks, for instance, that he can analyze the three race-layers at work in an Elizabethan audience. The readiness of speech of the Celts, the lyricism and gravity of the Anglo-Saxons, the inquiring, ingenious, and practical minds of the bullet-headed Anglo-Normans. Saxon seriousness and Norman irony combined to make English humor. This is excellent, especially from a grave writer such as M. Jusserand, who can hardly find words severe enough for those who collect facts merely to bolster up preconceived theories. A vast amount of our present knowledge of the Elizabethan theatre is derived from erratic generalizations. One of the most useful of these is one specially dear to a Frenchman. It deals with the sense of measure, the self-restraint, the art of selection, the desire to concentrate attention on one single, central point, with other sedate and refined tastes common to the Latin races, but wholly absent from the Anglo-Celtic or Saxo-Norman blend. Though chronologically hopeless, Scott in *Kenilworth* is artistically correct in representing Elizabeth as torn by the distracting claims of playhouse and

bear-garden. What the Elizabethan crowd thirsted for was strong emotion. It is true enough that it had little sense of form, no idea of unity worth speaking about. Tragical and bloody sights, heroic utterance, noise, surprising occurrences, dogs, horses, starvelings or living skeletons, fat men, ghosts, coarse scenes with servants, foundlings, disguises, gory heads and chopping-blocks, strong patriotic or topical allusions—here you have the kind of theatrical fare for which the souls of the Elizabethans craved. In the early days there was nothing to make a play so sure as a fine pyrotechnic display of murder as a finale. Kyd's *Solyman and Perseda* affords a conspicuous example. First Amurath kills Haleb, then Soliman kills Amurath. Erastus is strangled, Soliman kills the two janissaries that strangle Erastus, two false witnesses are thrown from a high tower on the stage, the lord marshal is killed, Soliman kills Perseda, then Basilico, then Piston, and then takes poison himself. "Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead." Even this record is beaten in *The Battell of Alcazar*, or in Marlowe's *Rich Jew of Malta*, where Barabas, after blowing up a whole army and poisoning a whole convent is boiled to death in a caldron before our eyes. The purveyance of all this to the public by an elaborate machinery of common play-plotters, farceurs, artisans of dialogue, and other engineers duly commissioned by the rival producers and presenters of 1600 is admirably worked out by M. Jusserand.

He makes a vallant effort to galvanize the facts of Shakespeare's personal career into a semblance of interest. The absence of internal light and the encroachment of bibliography upon biography make this the most difficult part of his work. It is here, more than anywhere, that he is writing for a distinctively French audience.



A *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *The Merchant of Venice* appeal to him in the fullest possible sense. *Twelfth Night*, on the other hand, which is, perhaps the favorite among all the comedies in England, seems to him overpadded with buffoonery. From the Russian peasant who said that Hamlet could not make up his mind, that was why he talked so much, to the cowboy who listened awestruck to Polonius's advice about quarrels, from the cowboy to the Baconian, who detects a mystic significance in the title, the attraction of *Hamlet* is universal, and M. Jusserand submits to it. The terror and remorse of *Macbeth* seem to him appalling. But he cannot away with *King Lear*. He laments the exchange of these Stormy Night's Phantasms for the *Midsummer Night's Dreams* of an earlier and happier day. His remarks on *King Lear* are interesting from their flat contradiction of Lamb's. The horror here, he maintains, is so continuous that it forces us to perceive that the darkness is artificial. Our conscience revolts and convicts the author of play-acting horrors to order.

As regards the sonnets, M. Jusserand is too polite to say that the dominant theories on the subject are a mere mass of assumption and guessing, but that is evidently what he means. He maintains the agnostic position that "Mr. W. H." is a genuine addressee of the sonneteer, but a personality unknown, with great spirit. "Something morbid exhales from these poems." M. Jusserand is an unfriend to Bacon, describing his work as valuable, but deceptive, gardens offering paper flowers and artificial ornaments, and the whole effect strikes him as "Cunning's Labor's Lost." His merit is universally admired, he is related to the highest in the realm, his counsels are full of recognized wisdom; and yet, his fortune progresses very slowly. He has the

best theories in the world for pleasing, but does not please; he only half pleases; his ideas are deemed interesting, but not his person. This Dr. Fell theory is ingenious, but it hardly seems to do justice to the profound, as apart from the plausible, sides of Bacon's speculation. Bacon owed much to Montaigne, but it is doubtful if this debt should be extended, as by M. Jusserand (on p. 491), to Overbury and the "characters." Their first debt was surely due to Theophrastus, and the second to his translator of 1592, Isaac Casaubon. The last two chapters are in some respects rather sketchier than those which have gone before. In the section dealing with Shakespeare's Posthumous Fame, M. Jusserand is completely at home and selects with a very apparent mastery. He tells us, for instance, not all the strange places in which the great name may be found, but the strange omissions and the singular perversions of a nascent celebrity. The great reputations of Pope, Johnson, and Garrick blow the spark into a flame. A new Flaubert might add a delectable chapter to "Bouvard et Pécuchet" on the subject of Shakespeare critics, quarrelling as to whether a given reading is a miracle--or a misprint; whether Shakespeare's classical learning is that of Scaliger or Smith minor. By successive stages sufficiently amusing to trace, Shakespeare becomes a religion, with holy places, bonzes, ritual, schism, heretics, modernists, and excommunications. The ambassador informs us impressively that a Royal princess of the house of Plantagenet went on her knees at the threshold of the house Shakespeare is alleged to have been born in at Stratford-on-Avon, that a European sovereign has translated some of the plays, and that a European prince has played the title rôle in *Hamlet*!

It is rare to encounter an individual



who can write and speak equally well. Critic and historian must to some extent be mutually exclusive. The social history of literature is M. Jusserand's specialty. He is capable, one may suspect, of leaving a critical theory suspended in the air if he sees his way to obtaining some picturesque new facts or the chance of manipulating some old ones in an entirely new way. We

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may have overlooked one or two slight blemishes in his book arising out of this idiosyncrasy. When, however, he reflects on the portentously dull books which have done, and are doing, service in this department of literature and then casts his eye over this volume, the gentle reader will, we dare be sworn, readily condone the offence.

## AS IT HAPPENED.

### BOOK III.

#### THE CHANCES OF TOWN.

##### CHAPTER I.

##### THE HOME-COMING OF SUSAN.

The December day was far spent when the Chester stage drew in under the archway of Blossom's Inn, Lawrence Lane, Cheapside. Sue, weary as she was, and shaken by the jar of the cobbles during the last two miles of the journey, was aroused to curiosity by the vivid life of such a city as she had never conceived of as possible. She hardly heard, for the rattle of the stones, the dry advice offered to her, and to the other lady passenger, by the dean who had ridden inside since Lichfield, nor the "Oh, las!" and "Did ye evers?" thrown off by the woman at her side, a person in widow's weeds, still young and fresh-looking, the latest addition to their company, who had got in at St. Albans. What part of her mind the girl could disentangle from the distracting lights and cries, the driving, hurrying crowds, the horses' heads at the window, and the occasional grinding of wheel against wheel, was engrossed by the low-pitched, almost tender farewells breathed into her ear by the Irishman when an interval of darker street permitted the confidence. His manner had grown strangely friendly upon this, the last day of their journey. She

had never known the like from one of his sex, and whether she would or no, the woman's lore, the mother-wisdom, of her hostess of the Griffin, put resolutely and even hotly away so often, recurred and found lodgment in her little bosom. All unsuspected by herself, her imagination had been fed by carefully graduated advances, the intrusions of a masculine influence against which she had at first arisen with instinctive virginal repulsion. Later she had contended less strongly, and with flutterings of advance and recoil had listened and had given ground; yet, at whiles she was displeased with her eyes and her ears for seeing and hearing, and upbraided her blameless self by night for small civilities conceded during the day's journey; some traitorous, ancestral voice meanwhile within her excusing her complaisance.

There had been small tentative presumptions upon his part before the presence of the Lichfield clergyman imposed a restraint upon his gallantries, and since. At some inn by the road, at which a stop had been made for lunch, a young Scots gentleman awaiting means to reach London, but disappointed of a seat in the Chester stage, had sate at their table. The youth was tall, lean, and high-featured,

courteous and well mannered, but for some reason the Major had thought proper to snub him.

The girl, drawn instinctively towards the one person of her age, had accepted some trivial service at his hands, but had not repeated her civility, seeing that the men would have been at one another's throats with but little encouragement. Not that the Scot brawled: he left what words passed to the Irishman, ruling, if not contenting himself, with a labored and vigilant politeness.

It was after this scene, in which Tighe had not shown to advantage, that the girl had passed an almost silent day in his company, but had been touched by his penitence towards evening, and relented so far as to reply to him.

But what excellent company he had been upon the whole! how various, how amusing! His stories of service—for he had made no secret of his profession—had alternately horrified and fascinated. His (supposed) disablement had moved her pity. What extraordinary creatures were men!

Since the small, tree-embowered cathedral village, with its three ruddy, weather-eaten spires, where the clergyman joined them, Mr. Tighe, as Sue believed the Irishman to be, had adopted a demeanor of gentle taciturn courtesy. But, once upon this last evening, she had found him pressing her hand. Her own had been instantly withdrawn, but the experience had fluttered, alarmed, and, must it be admitted?—amused her. The warmth, the weight, the muscular vibration of those great fingers wakened within her thoughts of she knew not what. She tingled and shrank, and, withal, smiled in the friendly darkness. It would be soon over now.

A man and a woman!—the simplicity of the primal relation, its necessity, its universality strike one silent. Yet

narrowly considered, you shall find plentiful exceptions to its rule, the antique Rule of Two, deficiency upon this hand, excess upon the other, misfits that pass muster, sound workmanship tossed aside. Here, for example, stands me a natural good fellow, seemly, frank, and brave, a man's man, and what is more, a leader of men, in whom, for some reason inexplicable, women see naught, with whom the good and the bad of the sex will have nothing to say or to do. And, here again, stands me his counterpart, a man whom men instinctively distrust, a little contemptible, shuffling rat of a fellow, say—or, just a "poor so-and-so," or, say again, a strapping, presuming mass of manhood with a manner objectionable to his kind; all's one, big or little, he has sorcery, the touch incommunicable, and women, old and young, gentle and simple, good and bad alike, are sensible to the charm; both those who resist and those who yield must admit the mystic drawing. And of this fellowship was the Irishman.

Suddenly they were at their journey's end, a city inn-yard at night, a scene of bewildering bustle and sound. The steps were down, the insides were alighting, and Sue must leave the warm confinement of the vehicle that had grown so familiar to her; no home, but a refuge of a sort, and the only one she knew in this turmoil. She must out and take her stand amid a crowd of rough, strange, preoccupied men-folk, each pushing and crying his own concerns. Oh, the rudeness of ostlers dragging pairs of steaming horses by their heads! Oh, the incivility of porters, with their "By yer leave, madams!" elbowing one another aside, and thrusting off interlopers. The pressure, the confusion, well-nigh benumbed the faculties of this gently bred country girl.

The lady-passenger had perfunctorily wished her well; the dean had said

"Dear, dear," and had exclaimed upon the remissness of her friends, but without proffering practical assistance. She had satisfied coachman and guard. She had lost Mr. Tighe. "Stand where ye are," he had bidden her; "you will certainly be met; your aunt (it is your aunt, is it not?) your aunt will be sending a coach for you, that is certain." He had bowed low and gone, the last of him being a glimpse of his tall figure in chat with that insignificant long-nosed young man who had used the seat beside the driver. But no one had come. She was beset by porters capping to her, offering their services in this queer, new, clipt jargon of theirs. A blackamoor accosted her, bedizened in blue liveries—the creature was plainly in drink. She turned from him: he was clouted and sent about his business in tears. A big-red-faced fellow was beside her in battered tricorn and long drab riding-coat, with a multiplicity of shoulder capes, "Miss Travis," said he (the fellow had her name), "I be sent by yer haunt. This yere yer trunk. Ho, come along o' me, my lady." Sue accompanied him, doubting nothing.

The coach drew up before an unlit house in an ill-lit street. The driver having thumped the door with his whip-stock, threw down the step. He had put down her trunk beneath the iron link extinguisher, and turned upon her demanding his fare. The man's haste and rapacity startled her, as with fingers as yet unused to the management of a silk-net purse with its two steel rings, she fumbled in the half-light. She had seen another coach leave the adjoining house as they approached, and now a third was turning the corner of the street. The man's impatience grew, his demeanor lost the last trace of civility, he would have her look quick and not keep an honest man in the street all night: madams should know where to put their hands upon

their fares. 'Twas a crown he would take, not a copper less, "swop-me-bob" (whatever that might imply). He cursed what she timidly offered for an (unblessed) half-bull, demanded more, snatched at the purse, and missing it, gripped her wrist. Rapid steps were approaching, her heart sank, she did not cry out; she was in the hands of the Philistines, and still her aunt's door remained closed. Her adversary, redolent of beer and onions, hung over her, swearing and shaking her. Next moment he was tumbling in the kennel and Mr. Tighe stood over him. He silently picked from the pavement the coin the creature had let fall, and as the other had arisen and was breathing battle, sprang at him and struck him again and yet again. The girl stood trembling upon the doorstep, watching the men, both tall and not ill-matched—the coachman the better with his fists—beating one another beneath a hanging oil-lamp. In a few seconds the determined onslaught of her champion had prevailed, the ruffian fell a second time, and whilst lying was soundly drubbed by his conqueror, who seemed wholly overmastered by, his passion. But the street was arousing, doors were opened upon the chain, and some one from an upper window sprang a rattle to call the watch. Then, out of the ring of darkness around the fighters, stooped a pair of long arms, and Mr. Tighe's wrists were caught in a grip more powerful than his own. Fortunately for himself and for Sue's ears, he was breathless, and before he could recover his speech, his captor addressed him in slow, grave tones, as of a man measuring his words.

"Thee has done enough . . . Let thy man be. . . No, I am not of his gang, nor of thine; but just for peace. . . Up and off with thee, driver!"

The fallen man, who had been covering his ear with his arm, arose, and

finding his enemy in irons, so to say, wiped his mouth upon his cuff, and getting to his box, drove off, whipping hard.

But the most of this Sue had not seen. When her deliverer was overpowered, as she supposed by some confederate villain, all that she had ever heard told of the lawlessness of the streets of London came back to her. Shrieking her best, she beat upon the door with her little hands, nor ceased until, to her amazement, she heard behind her Mr. Tighe's jolly laugh, and judged things to be less serious than her fears had held her to suppose.

She turned, her coach was gone, another was standing at the door of the adjoining house. Mr. Tighe, somewhat breathless, but in evident good humor, was beaming down upon a man of less stature than himself but of more considerable girth and reach, a short-legged person of middle age (old he seemed to Sue by his grizzled chin) a mariner by his sea-boots and frock, the salient features of his square figure being a pair of long and massive arms which hung elliptically clear of his sides.

Did the girl take in all this at a glance? I know not. We are percipient of far more at a momentary view than we could reproduce in words of description, yet not of more than may recur to memory after an interval. The child was conscious of the proximity of a new male personality of a reposeful carriage, which somehow reassured her, she could not have said why. Instinct came into play. Why does a baby cease crying when suddenly placed in the large, firm hands of a man?

That Tighe, or Boyle, should have submitted without resentment to the active interference of a stranger, a common person, too, and should have accepted the position with good humor, may seem out of his character. But

the man was no fool. When first gripped he had supposed himself in the hands of an enemy, and had put forth his whole strength, nor doubted of instant success. His effort had failed, and simultaneously he was aware of the coachman's flight, and that whoever was holding him was his master and well-wisher, whom to resist was folly. His forced laugh of acquiescence earned him instant liberty and restored his equanimity, for the publicity of a street broil was no part of his scheme. Sue, beating upon the door, had seen nothing; neighbors, disappointed of their sensation, were closing casements; he was impatient to be alone with the lady.

"I have to thank ye for saving me from basting a very paltry fellow, sir; one who would, as I think, have been none the worse for a sound thumping. But let that pass; ye meant kindly, and now I'll be bidding ye good-night." He drew himself up grandly.

"Yah, yah, bor,—what of the young 'ooman?" replied the other, in quiet, matter-of-fact tones, queerly nasal and new to Sue's ear. Any previous relationship between this Irishman and the lady was not in the mariner's mind. He conceived himself as much interested in her as was the other, and approached her, checking an involuntary movement of his hand to his hat-brim.

"Oh, is it all over? Is he gone? What a rude man! Oh, Mr. Tighe, how can I thank you? What a chance that you were so near. And he said that this was my aunt's—Miss Draycott's. But I can make no one hear."

"Miss Draycott's, madam? But, she is gone. There now. Did not ye get the news in time? Lawks, now!—that's a pity not to have heard."

This fell from a woman at the door of the adjoining house, an elderly person, thin and long-faced, with a narrow-bridged, drawn-out nose, squared at the tip over a wide-lipped protuber-

ant mouth, an arrangement of feature suggesting a cow. Her hair was in papers, a misshapen *papillotte* over each ear heightened the resemblance. Thus thought one half of Susan's mind, while the other half refused to grapple with, or face, impending calamity. The curl-paper over one ear was coming undone. "The cow," thought Sue, "the cow with the crumpled horn! Oh, I *must* laugh."

"Are you young Miss Travis?" asked the woman, the curl-papers shaking themselves with a mournful rustle. "Ah, deary me, but ye come too late, miss. Your poor auntie was buried a week ago."

"I know; but it was three weeks since, at Chester. I come from Chester," answered the girl, sobering herself with an effort, and now finding tears in the business.

"Unfort'n't young person! How's any one to tell her? I know nothink of Chester, my dear; 'twas here, next door, down them steps as you be a-standin' on, as yer pore auntie, Miss Draycott, was took last Tuesday as ever was—in her coffin, yes. Pore soul, 'twas somethink suddint, and she made a hard end of it, you bein' much on her mind. 'My pore, pore, inner-cent young niece,' says she to me: ay, a score of times, she did: and told as how you was on your way up from the country, a motherless horphin, and once started most unpossible to stop, nor nowheres to stop at if stopped. And you to come to her 'ouse like this, and find her took! 'And the Lord, He knows whatever'll become of the girl in London,' says she."

Sue's face fell; she was herself again, had rallied, and could listen and think. This news touched her very closely, but was no stroke at her affections. She had never seen the dead woman, and knew but little of her even by repute, save as the eldest and least genial member of her mother's family,

who had held no communications with her sisters, and had only at the repeated requests of the dying woman in Chester given a grudging invitation to a niece whose existence she had ignored for eighteen years.

During the journey the girl had indulged in some natural speculations as to her unknown relative's appearance and character. She had little to go upon. Her aunt's advice had been non-committal: "Camilla and your dear mother never quite hit it off, my dear; Camilla, being the eldest, always had her own way, you see, and was, beside, a little peculiar, my dear; but we won't go into that."

Sue had been willing to give her love if love were possible: she had hoped. But what was the use of regrets? All was over ere it had begun. There could be no grief in such circumstances, only dismay at the collapse of a plan and the absence of an alternative. The girl felt herself grow suddenly chilly: she braced herself, biting a lip in wide-eyed embarrassment. Before her was the dark, empty house; behind her the dark, empty street.

"Aunt Camilla dead, and buried, and no news? No word for me? But where can I go?" Upon the last word her voice trembled with an inflection suggestive of the bleat of a lost lamb.

She turned from the cow-faced woman in the doorway, who exchanged swift glances with Tighe. The seafarer, if slow of speech, had an eye; but Sue saw nothing.

"One thing is plain; ye can't stand in the street all night," resumed the woman. "Come inside, my dear, and talk things over a bit. And, as this gentleman knows ye—" she stood aside, holding her door invitingly open. Tighe bowed ready assent.

"Hospitable offer, begad! Ye have an excellent heart, madam. What say ye, Miss Travis. Shall we sit for a minute and see what can be made of

it? I profess myself half-stunned by your predicament; my heart bleeds for ye; my——" The door closed upon his incomplete avowal of sympathy. The little white bird fluttered into the springe.

The mariner, most stolid of men, looked up the street and down the street, and upon the bill pasted upon the door of the empty house. It was a short notice of sale dated a month earlier. He drew from his pocket a cutty already charged, and proceeded with flint and steel to make a light, holding the stem between a pair of big yellow dog-teeth.

Meanwhile within doors the woman of the house told her tale, a rambling story, in the clipped speech which sounded so strangely in Sue's ears. The creature wondered and lamented, and parenthetically suggested, and would be calling her Maker to witness the truth of it all, until even the frank nature of the young stranger conceived doubts.

Mr. Tighe, nodding gravely in sympathetic sort, sate apart, letting the narrative proceed. Bit by bit the circumstances took shape in the girl's mind. Her aunt had died suddenly and in poverty. "Which the men were in the 'ouse when she breathed her last; 'twas inhuman. Them dratted brokers hev gone and cleared the place to the knitted bell-pulls. Not a farden for nobody, my dear! Which she owed me nine good shillin' and sixpence, she did; 'strewth, wish-I-may-die-if-'tain't!"

"She is my relation. I'll repay ye, ma'am," said Sue. But the woman, with Tighe's eye upon her, declined the money.

"No, no, my dear; and thankye kindly. But, where to put ye up for the night? My every room is let, and to gentlemen; a clergyman for one (which I 'ears 'im a-movin' about over'ead). No, I can't 'ave ye 'ere; no,

nor can't honestly say as how I knows of a soul as would take ye in at this time o' night, without some letter from a friend, and wanting the good word of a 'ouse'-older. London lodging-'ouse keepers hev to be that perticular. Our kericters is precious. There's the Lord Mayor and the Watch to consider."

"But I cannot lie in the street," exclaimed the girl, her predicament looming high and dangerous before her.

The cow-faced woman folded her hands, and ruminating silently, allowed this aspect of the case to be considered. Her features were never at rest; her eyes were over her shoulder, down at her toes, in the dark corners of the room, whilst the jaw behind that wide, loose mouth, was softly going all the time.

Tighe, convinced that his moment had come, struck in.

"Madam, me dear leedy, your position is crool; 'tis precarious; 'tis more, for 'tis desprut. Your bereavement, your definceless youth, your hilpluss sex appale to me." He arose and paced the room. "They claim me loyle support." He came to a stand between the lady and the door. "There is but wan coorse for a man of feeling, for a gentleman to take. I would offer ye me all, me purse, me sword, me hearth (if I had the forchune to possess such a thing), but even your angelic innocence must be awayre that such offers are insults onless coupled with the proffer of me name"—throwing a chest. "Begad! I'll do ut! Here, madam," advancing a step, "take me as I stand, a poor soldier of forchune, Major Cornelius B—— *Tighe!* As yer husband I shall have the right to protiect ye . . . heart and hand, Miss Travis. Or, may I not address ye as Susan? 'Pon me sowl, Sue, I can offer ye no more, and no less." He dropped upon his knee, and reached for the child's hand; it hung by her side,



and now for a moment lay passive in his hold.

"Gracious 'Eavens, what a noble 'eart!" exclaimed the woman, wiping an eye with the corner of an unclean apron. The girl shuddered and disengaged her fingers.

"Hus-band? Marry? No, no, but yet! Oh, *what* shall I do? Oh, let me go!" She freed herself with an effort and sped past him to the door, only to be adroitly intercepted by the woman. To the window she rushed, choking and panting piteously; the casement gave, her head and shoulders were through; there, beneath the lamp, stood the same square breadth of manhood, solid and silent, whose promptitude and temperate restraint had not been lost upon her.

"Oh, oh, man!" she wailed. The mariner's dark visage was turned to hers; he clapped his pipe into a side-pocket, and stood alertly to attention, a pair of steady eyes shining in the lamplight.

"What ails thee, my gal? What can I dew for thee? Yes, I'm a-comin'."

"The deuce! this spoils all. She'll be shrieking directly. No, I'll have no force," said Tighe to the woman, whose arms were around Sue's waist. "Where now is that confounded parson?"

The door opened, the priest's foot was on the threshold; behind him pressed the mariner, a four-square tower of self-collected strength. He swung the clerk aside without a by-y'r-leave. "What be all this?" he said, taking post by the girl.

Tighe's eye sparkled; prompt in action, he grew tense with desire to close and thrust forth, but now it was the woman's hand upon his arm which restrained him. "Let be; I'll have no fighting in my 'ouse! Play him; he's simple. Ye'll want a man to give her away," was the low word in his ear. She felt the knotted forearm relax; the

man grunted assent; he understood her and she him, though acquaintance of but ten minutes' standing.

Susan was clinging to the mariner. "Oh, sir, she's dead. I've not a soul. . . . I'm lost." Her voice broke. The woman and Tighe began together, the latter gave way.

"Here be a pore young female thrown on London streets, in a manner of speaking, for 'tis as she say, her auntie dead and buried, and the sticks next door seized and sold no longer ago than yesterday. 'Tis ruin for a girl. She've absolute nowheres to lay her 'ead. But this kind gen'elman, wot knows no more of her nor myself, outer pity and a good 'eart, hups and hoffers her marriage and the cover of 'is name."

"That is so," said Tighe shortly. The parson, the newcomer, cleared a nervous throat in the background. "Can I? May I?" he whispered, but none heeded him, for the grave, slow sailorman's eye, which seemed, as Sue afterwards thought, to be used to immeasurable distances, turned upon Tighe, who nodded grandly in reassurance.

"But I won't—I can't. Oh, if it wasn't so dark, and if I knew the ways of the place, I would go somewhere, find some one. But it's all, all. . . . Oh, *what* shall I do?" wept the girl, beating the wires of her trap, a resurgence of the counsels of her bedfellow at the Griffin flowing in upon her to the confusion of inbred virginal maxims. All that she had refused to listen to, all that she had failed to understand at the time, which had been imprinted upon her memory nathless, by the becks and meaning smiles of the good-wife, these, she found, had become part of herself, neither to be forgotten nor expelled. Here and now, with breathless haste and outcry, as it seemed to her, her life was suddenly at the river's brink, darkness and the wolves of the

waste behind, the last shelter missed, the last lights out, and before her feet, dancing and unsteady, the unwelcome bark of marriage, with its captain, her master, a humane and manly figure, bidding her grandly aboard.

This Mr., or Major, Tighe, was it not really and truly noble of him? So disinterested to encumber himself with the baggage of a poor girl, an ignorant chit—and at a moment's notice, too. And—and—was he not all that the goodwife had recommended—big, and fine, and courageous? Oh, what did it all mean, this two-ways-looking heart of hers, which had never looked but one way hitherto. She fled from herself, spun upon her little feet, giving her back to her suitor, the woman and the silent priest in the shadows by the door, and took the sailorman by the rough sleeves, some instinct prompting her that with him, if anywhere, lay safety. Standing thus, the room's one candle, a guttering dip, threw what light it was capable of throwing upon the rugged hardness of the man's face. The girl pored upon and explored that face with a more earnest scrutiny than she had ever bestowed upon a human visage. Dogs and children are your true physiognomists: they seek what is there, not evidence to support a preconception.

The sailorman's puckered eyes had seen much hard fighting; the brown, lined cheeks and chin of frosted stubble looked terribly grim, but the smile atoned for all. "Oh, I don't care what they did to him, or what he used to do to them; I am sure he is a good man now!" thought Sue, nor ever exchanged that opinion.

"Bid me do what I ought, sir. First mother went; then auntie (not this one); and now Aunt Camilla is gone too, and I—I've no one!" Again that note of desolation: "Oh, what ought I?"

"Nay, I know too little of your—thy matters," he began slowly, from a deep

chest upon a breathing resonant note.

"Then take me with you, somewhere, anywhere; I should be safe with you."

"The slut: to think of it, with a common sailor!" cried the woman, throwing up her hands.

The hard lines about the mouth of the seaman deepened. "Home with me ye cannot go, poor lamb, for home I've none, save a caretaker's bunk on a scow that's lying in Bugsby's Reach, and that's worse lodging for a woman than this."

"God save us!" cried the woman. "There's sense in him too!"

"Woman, I'll thank ye—thee, I should say—not to be taking that Holy Name in vain," said the sailor solemnly.

"My man," interposed Tighe, curbing his impatience, "ye seem to know life. This lady has referred herself to you."

"Yes," mused the other, "she be a strand—out of her course, and on the mud for a tide. You lie by, you pass a hawser, you offer to salve—on terms. She've no chice, as I can see. (But 'tis my human wisdom; I wish I'd time—I'm a young 'un at the Way, I am—I'd have some of our people here, bein' a simple man, myself.)" He mused again, the girl still clinging to his sleeves, shuddering with the strain of excitement too long sustained, but still hanging upon his words; when they came she would act.

"Take him, my gal," he said at length, "if so be 'tis lawful marriage he's a-offerin'. 'Taint our form, but thou'rt not one of Us, nor he, here. But where's the—? Ho!" as the parson stepped forward. "A clerk here?—*you*? Thee are mighty pat, young man! And where did thee spring from?"

"'Tis his reverence, the curate of this perrish, sir. He have lodged with me this three year," lied the woman glibly.

"Oh, Mr. Tighe, ye will be good to me, won't ye?" wept the girl weakly, yielding to fate. "Ye would not—ye could not treat me ill?"

All that remained of good in the man moved faintly and strove for its life. He shook for one instant, then his worse self overmastered him. "Treat ye ill, my dear? Then may God forget me!"

The mariner, still doubting, yielded also, and with some prompting from the priest, a nervous snuffling person, with his back to the light, took the part assigned him, and gave away the half-consenting, wholly dazed Susan.

It was done. The bridegroom stooped to kiss his new possession. The bride, covering her cheek with her hand, gave a small, piteous outcry. The sailor, growingly dissatisfied with the part he had been prevailed upon to play, put aside the money offered by the Major, and looking the man squarely in the face, addressed him with disconcerting plainness.

"Friend, I've my doubts of thee, and about this business. I've acted in haste, and without waiting for guidance. Ay, anything be possible when ye're over the edge of the chart. There's a sound of broken water hereabouts; but I hope otherwise. Belay that!" The bridegroom's impatience was breaking forth in a hot, low word. "I'm not one of our Recorded's; I've never opened my lips in full meeting, but this is the Word of the Lord unto thee: As thee treats this here young 'ooman, so shall He treat thee in they 'hour of need." He clapped on his hat and went.

Tighe watched him forth. "I had thought one priest at a wedding was plenty," he blurted, and bit his underlip, perceiving, as even the highest stomach must at times, that silence became him best.

"La, Mrs. Tighe, my dear, I wish ye joy," cackled the woman of the house,

reclaiming the ring she had lent and bending for a kiss.

The bride shrank away from her, turning shyly towards the parson, whose tones tantalized her memory. His wig and bands reminded her of no one in her past life in special, but where had she heard that voice? The man gave her his back and left the room.

The bridegroom rounded upon her, jovial and brisk: "Susan, or Sukey, or Sue, shall it be? Ha, my love, that's over and now for our coach and to our lodging."

"Oh, Mr. Tighe, what can I say? Just as ye will, of course. I am sure I am most grateful, for I'm dead tired; but are ye sure ye are not making a mistake? I am thinking ye will be finding me sorely in your way."

"Bless her pretty 'eart!" sighed the woman, and actually shed a tear.

The door went to, the wheels moved, they were gone. At the end of the street a man standing beneath a lamp stepped aside to allow the coach to pass, glanced keenly after it, and retraced his steps to the house it had left. It was the sailor-man oppressed by an afterthought. He reperused the bill upon the door of the adjacent house, and smote his thigh hard. "Too hasty again; the Lord forgive me! An onfaithful servant I be, as usual; and up to ivery mortal mischief when so be as I walks alone!"

As he stood thus the door of the other house opened, the priest peeped forth, spied the mariner and was for softly reclosing it, but the sailor, who, for all his bulk, seemed a person of surprising agility, had his foot in the opening and his shoulder after it without a word.

"Nay, I must come in, bor," he said, and made good his entrance. The woman met him in the passage, shading her light with her hand.

"What's all this?" she asked tartly.

The intruder, before replying, set his back to the door and looked the pair over. The woman met his scrutiny with voluble hardihood, but did not detain his eyes. But the priest, what had happened to him? He was now in lay habit, and wearing a brown wig.

"And who may you be?" asked the woman for the third time. "Friend of yours? D'ye know him?" she demanded of the priest, who stammered that he had never set eyes upon the fellow in his life.

"So? As bad as that? I feared as much after that there bill," growled the mariner. "And now, master Parson, a word with yew—thee, I'd say—we sim tew have bin a bit tew fast over that there marryin' business. What of the lines."

"W-what l-lines?" gasped Baskett, and gave his case away with his face. His confederate, more ready, and affecting belated recognition, assured the questioner that the writing had been done after his departure, and the document taken by the married couple; but this would not pass.

"Pen, ink, and paper, Master Clerk.

(*To be continued.*)

I didn't sign that there one she tell sech a lot about, soo I doubt 'tis good-for-nawthing. But I'll put my fist to this."

There was no denying so determined a postulant, nor valid reason for refusal. The mariner, who seemed something of a scholar, scrutinized the document narrowly in the making, and again at his leisure when completed. "Tighe, he called hisself, eh? And didn't I hear thee call him 'Major'? Put *that* down then. Susan Agathy was her name, and don't be telling me ye don't remember her surname; her husband, as I hopes he be, called her Miss Travis when he cuffed the driver; put *that* down. And didn't her maiden aunt live next door? Well, put down, 'Niece to Miss Draycott—Camilly Draycott—she spoke of her so.' (There be another name upon the bill, I see.) Now sign it yew two, and I'll do as much. 'Taint legal, I doubts, but 'twill prove something, the innercence of the young 'ooman, and——" folding and pocketing the document, "the guilt of some awthers. 'Night t'yer."

*Ashton Hillkers.*

## THE POET'S HARVEST-TIME.

Poetry, its type, its form, its teaching, its life, depends, to an extent that is not always recognized on its place of origin. Latitude and longitude have more to do with poetry than professors who lecture learnedly on metres are wont to confess. There may be a realm of pure poetry hidden within the heavens where the stars sing together; the poetic idea may be laid up in some platonic realm; but these earthly singers of ours even when they soar beyond the skylark, have ever an eye on that particular nest that is their native land. They never escape its atmosphere, its particular traditions of

sunlight, or of darkness, of unending heat, of rarely broken cold, of illimitable plains, of raging hills, of mighty rivers, of imprisoning seas of rills and woods and fields and hedgerows of hay-time and harvest. The moods of Nature are infinite, her landscapes and sea-scapes are infinitely varied; but each poet is limited to a certain range of vision, a certain calculable mood, and these aspects of Nature, which have eaten their way into the consciousness of the race inhabiting the land, form part of the personality of the poet, and have formed the traditions of poetry that are his spiritual ancestry. Apart.

then, altogether from differences of tongue, the Italian poet, the French poet, the Spanish poet and the English poet, the Icelandic or Norse poet are separated one from another by deeps that can never be freely crossed. This fact is not sufficiently kept in mind when we speak, for instance, of the influence of the Italian Renaissance on English poetry. No doubt there was the influence, with its indelible marks on the evolution of poetic thought and even poetic forms; but the influence, before it began to operate, had to accommodate itself to an alien nature, to strange plains and hills and rivers, and to a sea claiming no kinship to the Adriatic. Language, like physical form itself, has to yield to the peculiar charm. American poetry is not English poetry. Walt Whitman and Swinburne, both flinging out their songs to the morning, write in a different tongue.

When Dante wrote even the "Paradiso" he had not lost touch with Italy, and yet there is no poem so detached from the lure of home. The universal Shakespeare is in Warwickshire all the while, a home-dwelling genius, commanding from his lowly cot all the spirits of the air. When the inspired translators of the English Bible wrote they brought Palestine into England. English scenery peers (as from a disordered stage) not once or twice but continually from their narrative. Every land has the distinctive something that finally stamps the poetry of that land. The English note is the English harvest scenery; the infinitude of fields ripe unto harvest; the variety of fruits; the ceaseless succession of wild flowers; the peculiar beauty of hedgerow and path and stream and river; the contrast of quiet green fields, and all the manifold tints of green in the woodlands, to the golden harvests; and, above all, the exquisite sunsets that attune themselves through the harvest

and the hunter's moons to the tone and note of the field and the fell. The richness, the quietness, the happiness of it all, with its sense of accomplishment, materially represented by rows of yellow and golden stacks of corn and hay rimming the skyline or shining in the valley, has taken its place in the consciousness of the race, and especially in the consciousness of our poets. When Keats wrote his "Ode to Autumn" he, whom some think a Grecian born out of due time, was brimming with England's charm:

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,  
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;  
Conspiring with him how to load and bless  
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;  
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees  
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?  
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find  
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,  
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;  
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,  
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?  
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too—  
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,  
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue.

Few more perfect poems exist in the English language. It reveals the autumn scenes in a way and with an ex-



actness hardly matched elsewhere. But the scene is not far from the heart of any one of our poets since the Reformation. Swinburne's Italian poems have the English scene often in contrast. "Siena" begins:

Inside this northern summer's fold  
The fields are full of naked gold,  
Broad cast from heaven on lands it  
loves;

The green veiled air is full of doves;  
Soft leaves that sift the sunbeams let  
Light on the small warm grasses wet  
Fall in short broken kisses sweet,  
And break again like waves that beat  
Round the sun's feet.

But I, for all this English mirth  
Of golden-shod and dancing days,  
And the old green-girt sweet-hearted  
earth

Desire what here no spells can raise.  
Far hence, with holier heavens above,  
The lovely city of my love  
Bathes deep in the sun-satiate air  
That flows round no fair thing more  
fair

Her beauty bare.

Here Swinburne throws the two consciousnesses into vivid contrast. To the poet there is a bridgeless deep between England and Italy, even in song. And another poet, who certainly loved Italy not less than Swinburne, and Greece not less than Keats, has the autumn of England in his poet heart:

Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown  
old earth,  
This autumn morning! How he sets  
his bones  
To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out  
knees and feet  
For the ripple to run over in its mirth.

Clough, from first to last, had the note at heart. Keats might have written "The Shady Lane":

Again in vision clear thy pathwayed  
side  
I tread, and view thy orchard plots  
again

With yellow fruitage hung,—and glimmering grain  
Standing or shocked through the thick  
hedge espied;  
This hot still noon of August brings  
the sight.

In later years, absent once more, he wrote:

Green fields of England! Wheresoe'er  
Across this watery waste we fare,  
Your image at our hearts we bear,  
Green fields of England, everywhere;

while that bright West which gave hope to his despondent mind was, who can doubt, our harvest sunset.

A better instance, perhaps, than these is Matthew Arnold, who, despite his classicism and his frequent yearning for the grand style, finds his deepest inspiration in the most familiar English scenery. In "Thyrsis" he contrasts, as Swinburne does in "Siena," English and Italian scenery; but who shall say with either poet that "a folding of the Apennine" equalled that "quiet colored end of evening" that Browning placed in Italy and saw, deny it who will, in England. But, travel as the poets may, "Thyrsis" will come home:

*Why faintest thou? I wander'd till I  
died.  
Roam on! The light we sought is shining  
still.  
Dost thou ask proof? One tree yet  
crowns the hill,  
Our scholar travels yet the loved hillside.*

A poet such as Barnes is, of course, redolent of his countryside; but he brings the harvest home with a vividness that is almost uncanny:

An' still the pulley rwope do heist  
The wheat vrom red-wheel'd waggon  
beds,  
An' ho'ses there wi' lwoads o' grist,  
Do stand an' toss their heavy heads;  
But on the floor,  
Or at the door,

Do show noo mwore the kindly feâce  
Her father show'd about the pleâce,  
As clack, clack, clack, vrom hour to  
hour,  
Wl' whirlèn stwone, an' streamèn  
flour,  
Did goo his mill by cloty Stour.

One sees and hears the hum of Nature  
and of harvesting, beholds the kindly  
farming folk, and watches the homing  
of the crops.

Even the mystic Coleridge turns  
with a sigh of relief to his "own coun-  
trie." The mysterious wind whose  
"path was not upon the sea":

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek  
Like a meadow gale of Spring—  
It mingled strangely with my fears,  
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

And Shelley, too, whose "Ode to the  
West Wind" brings in the last note of  
the English autumn, the cleansing of  
the earth by Nature is English through  
and through:

O wild West wind, thou breath of Au-  
tumn's being,  
Thou from whose unseen presence the  
leaves dead  
Are driven like ghosts from an en-  
chanter fleeing,

Yellow and black and pale and hectic  
red,  
Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O  
thou  
Who chariotest to their dark wintry  
bed

The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold  
and low,  
Each like a corpse within its grave,  
until  
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall  
blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth,  
and fill  
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed  
in air)  
With living hues and odors plain and  
hill;

Wild spirit which art moving every-  
where;  
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh!  
hear.

Every aspect of the Autumn and the  
harvest stand out revealed in our nine-  
teenth-century poets. With a sudden  
sense of realism they turned to Nature,  
to our English Nature, and painted in  
every phase the beauty, the ripeness,  
the utility, the wonder, the peace, the  
passion, the tumultuous and cleansing  
end of our harvesting. Nor do they  
forget the sunset, that daily and ever  
more beautiful phase of autumn days;  
the pageantry of sunset that finds its  
frequent echo in the East, the brilliant  
scarlets and gold, the moving cloud-  
shapes that in their glory seem to hide  
an infinity of glory, the long shadows  
on field and hill, until, to quote Words-  
worth's wonderful "Evening Walk":

Now, with religious awe, the farewell  
light  
Blends with the solemn coloring of  
night;  
Mid groves of clouds that crest the  
mountain's brow,  
And round the west's proud lodge their  
shadows throw,  
Like Una shining on her gloomy way,  
The half-seen form of Twilight roams  
astray;

No wreck of all the pageantry remains.  
Unheeded night has overcome the  
vales;  
On the dark earth the wearied vision  
fails;

Now o'er the soothed accordant heart  
we feel  
A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,  
And ever, as we fondly muse, we find  
The soft gloom deepening on the tran-  
quill mind.

Probably no poets of any age in any  
country have come nearer to reality  
than the English poets of the last cen-  
tury; but it would be of interest to  
compare the home-note of other poets

in other lands in relation to the harvest-time. Of course, all lands sing of their harvest, of their corn and wine. But, leaving folk-songs aside, a certain artificiality, often so magnificent an artificiality that it apes the very heart of Nature, seems to beset other great literatures, excepting always He-

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brew literature. Can it be that the very homeliness of English scenery demands true realism, an art which, adding to Nature, is yet an art that Nature gives? To say so is perhaps provincial but to the present writer it seems true.

## PHOTOGRAPHY OF THE WILD.

"The rifle has been abandoned for the camera," wrote Mr. Roosevelt enthusiastically, in an introduction, not long since, to a book of animal photography. The importance of the saying is a little minimized by the fact that the author of it is now engaged in shooting elephants in Africa. The expedition is equipped, however, with cameras as well as rifles, and the world has already seen some trophies of the former that seem likely to be more valuable than the spoil of the latter. Our Nimrods may be too deeply carven not to think that the highest good is to destroy the "tall deer" and other creatures that they love as their brothers, but already the world thinks rather lightly of them unless they can also record their prowess and the courage or beauty of their victims in something more real than skins and antlers. For the purpose of the inevitable book or lecture, at any rate, the camera has become indispensable.

We should have thought that the sport value of the hunting camera would prove far higher than that of the shot-gun or rifle. The difficulties are greater, the danger at least as real, for even the bear that has been infuriated by a wound has very little chance against the equipment of the modern hunter. There remains the result. In the one case a mass of death resurrected in some ghastly fashion by the hired skill of the taxidermist; in

the other case, a living record for which the hunter is solely responsible. The only things in favor of the dead-hunter are the reality of the trophy, which makes the hunt savor of pot-hunting and its uniqueness. The animal that the hunter has dispatched no other may take a share in. It is finished for ever, and the next hunter must find another subject, whereas another photographer and another may arise and take the same big stag as we, and perhaps take him better.

The truth is, perhaps, that photographers are made of sterner stuff than the average hunter. Who would wait hour after hour as the Keartons have done, crouching, cramp-racked, in the skin of a sheep or tormented by mosquitos that they dare not brush away, for the sake of shooting even a raven or an eagle? There are, perhaps, men in the gun-room who would take a camera and face the lion in his native desert, but none who can see the fun of staying up all night in order to photograph even the last British phalarope or bearded tit. Yet our books abound with photographs of the intimate domestic life of common, but timid, birds, every one of which must have cost hours of patience and resource to obtain. The new sport is undoubtedly one that calls for, and obtains, many virtues of a high order.

In its earliest days, animal and bird photography was very like the "night-

lining" that is the lowest form of fishing. Having fixed the camera at the bird's nest, or other place where the subject was bound to come sooner or later, we retired to the end of a long rubber tube with a big bulb which, very smartly squeezed, would sometimes actuate the pneumatic release and sometimes not. The first picture of the kind that the writer made, and one of the best, was exposed with a pull on a long string, the shutter being the "up and down" elastic affair and the camera fixed focus, fixed front, fixed everything. The subject of that earliest experiment by the way is one of the best for the beginner—a missel thrush feeding her young in the nest so often obligingly placed in the lowest fork of an apple tree before the leaves are on.

Later, the amateur electrician fixed up for us the more controllable release worked by the mere pressure of a button. With this apparatus you retire so far out of the bird's sight that you yourself have but a poor idea of what the bird is doing when you make the exposure. It may give you an ungainly back view, it may be out of focus because too far or too near, it may not be near the nest at all. The nadir of "night-line photography" was reached when we fixed matters so that the bird itself by snapping a thread made its own exposure, walked into a trap that snarled and clicked at it but, happily, seemed to fall to grab a leg. We might come back hours later to see whether the trap had sprung or no, and then it served us right if we found on the negative nothing more interesting than a cow's foot, or something that looked like a hedgehog. We were not fortunate at this method of animal photography, and we have not heard of anyone who was—except in the securing of a somewhat comic *genre*.

By the time a few imitators had followed the Kearntons into the field with tube and electric wire, the masters had

exhausted the possibilities of that form of approach, and had found means to bring their subjects under the range of the stand camera with an operator at the focussing screw. Sometimes a thrush or blackbird had built near a cowshed in the fields and could be photographed almost to the heart's content by a quiet operator in command of a convenient knot-hole. Shyer woodland species were stalked by these indefatigable men disguised as moss-grown polards; and dippers, wheatears, and others were outwitted by means of stage rocks that gradually appeared in their haunts and contained the crouching naturalist and his apparatus. The hollow sheep and trojan bullock were invented for the benefit of curlew, plover, and other shy birds that nest in the open plain. If our naturalists had been given the magic gift of fernseed, they could scarcely have outwitted more completely the creatures of the wild that we formerly "studied" by means of the scatter-gun and the rifle. Science has given us, it is true, the shoulder camera with which the very skilled can take flying shots, and the artillery of the telephoto lens, by means of which a good sitter can be taken at the distance of half-a-mile or more, but all the great triumphs of animal photography have been won by means of infinite patience and the stealthy approach of the artist within actual camera range.

The lion pictures sent to America and Europe by President Roosevelt's expedition remind us that even the nocturnal animals are not safe from the attention of the camera. In the thick silence of night they may be pursuing the avocations of the most shy—badgers digging out wasps' nests, foxes wooing pheasants from the boughs, lions stalking their prey or in the act of leaping on the tethered calf. Then, in one act, the flashlight rips the darkness to tatters, and the camera regis-

ters the revelation. The sensation must even be worse than being shot. It is like falling through a hole out of Paradise into Hell. But it passes as soon as comes, and perhaps goes into the dim animal consciousness as something like a twinge of dyspepsia. Swift as the process is, there is time for its subjects to put on a distinct air of surprise that was not there in the velvet of darkness. Even the slow human being shows it sometimes when the magnesium imposes its flash on the well-lighted dinner table—and the wild animal is ten times as alert to respond to such a cataclysm.

Flashlight photography, which may, in one sense, be regarded as the acme of animal portraiture, is only night-line photography on a higher plane. We shall see whether a wind of the spiral will not take us to yet greater heights. No success is more marked than the application of animated photography to wild life. Mr. Kearton brings the very bird before us—the bird and the wind or the sunshine in which it lives, for we see the feathers blow awry and each muscular action by which it keeps its perch on a rather difficult twig. The youngsters thrust out their eager maws, and the parents, easily distinguishable from one another by their plumage, come rushing up with caterpillars that wriggle in their beaks. In

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another picture the wary sparrowhawk is placed close under our eyes. We see her bring the kill to the nest, and every action with which she tears off pieces with her sharp, curved beak for distribution among the fierce young brigands in white fluff.

The spoil of the camera, though it is not spoil in the old sense of the word, is immense. It is but a tithe, however, of the facts and incidents that come to the man who watches behind the screen while waiting for his selected pictures. Unsuspected, he sees many a comedy, and perhaps now and then a tragedy, enacted in parts of the field not covered by the lens. A few years ago someone gave us the whole story of how a thrush taught her young ones to fly, silencing for the nonce those critics who say there is no school of the woods. Then there is Mr. Kearton's robin that used to come and feed the young thrushes by stealth, much as a kindly human neighbor will look after bairns that she believes to be neglected by their parents. These observations are typical of a large class that find their way even now with great difficulty into the books of natural history. They clothe the bones of the old science with the fuller, rounder outlines of the more human and enlightening "nature study."

## THE DISBANDING OF THE GUAVA RIFLES.\*

The Adjutant managed to convert a sigh of relief into a deferential cough as he blotted the Colonel's signature at the foot of the "Weekly State," and murmured: "That's all my papers for

\* This tale is founded upon what the writer believes to be a true story. It used to be told in the old War Office in Pall Mall a few years ago, and concerned a certain file of correspondence which began with some question about buttons and which ended with the disbanding of a battalion. Although the whole establishment has been reorganized since

to-day, sir. Will you polish off the Quartermaster now? He's lying low in his booth, waiting to be sent for."

The Colonel groaned. "All right, I suppose I must. But just look here, that time in consequence of the recommendations of the Committee presided over by Lord Esher, the War Office has ever been a conservative institution, and its methods remain substantially the same as they were before the proposals of that Committee were given effect to. The story has been adapted to the conditions now existing.



Annesley: none of your sloping off and leaving me to cope with the fellow single-handed! He's always starting some confounded hare or other, and in this stuffy weather I can make no fight of it."

Everybody remembers what a favorable impression the detachment of the Guava Rifles created at the Diamond Jubilee; and soldiers will recall that the corps enjoyed a high reputation for discipline as long as the rank and file got their own way, and that there was never any question as regards the martial qualities of the *personnel* provided that the authorities did not fall into the error of sending the regiment on active service. An orderly—a picturesque and soldierly figure in his turban and snowy spats—was despatched in hot haste to the Quartermaster's office to intimate to that functionary that the Commanding Officer was awaiting his pleasure, and the Adjutant proffered a lighted match to his Chief, who had extracted a cigarette out of a drawer marked "Confidential Documents." The mornings are apt to grow sultry even so early in the year as April in San Jago, that sugar island in the Antilles which was filched from its previous possessors by the machinations of Pitt, and the most perfectly appointed orderly-room under such conditions loses some of its undefinable charm. The Adjutant was anon going home on long leave; the Colonel, on the other hand, saw no prospects of a change of scene for many months to come, and it was with something of an effort that he managed to infuse some little geniality into his greeting of the Quartermaster: "Ah, Prout! Good morning; bit warm, isn't it? Got some papers, I see. But," suspiciously, "what's that you've got in that brown paper parcel?"

"With your permission, sir, I propose to put the ordinary correspondence before you first," replied the Quartermaster respectfully but firmly,

as he deposited the parcel on a chair and then laid the first out of a handful of documents on the Commanding Officer's blotting-pad.

The Colonel glanced at the paper, signed it, and reached for the next. He signed four in similar fashion, but when he came to the fifth and last he paused and laid down his pen. "Hang it, Prout! Is it necessary to put this quite so unpleasantly. It's positively offensive! Of course it was a nuisance there being nobody there to issue the groceries till five minutes past, and your being kept waiting for a little, but——" and he shot a look of appeal at the Adjutant.

"Never pays being rude on paper," observed that official, gazing stolidly out of the window at nothing.

"Of course, if you insist upon it, sir. I will 'ave a fresh memo. prepared," said the Quartermaster resentfully—when irritated he was inclined to drop his aitches; "but if I may say so, sir, we shall 'ave trouble with the Army Service Corps if we do not stand up for our rights. And I would ask that the Adjutant be not allowed to criticise my method of conducting correspondence, sir!"

"Oh, well, I'll sign the thing," muttered the Colonel; "it'll be all the same a hundred years hence how it's worded, I dare say. Now for your parcel, and then we'll toddle home—I declare to goodness I'm regularly fed up with this beastly office."

The Quartermaster fetched the parcel and solemnly unrolled it on his Commanding Officer's table, displaying two packets—one packet contained two marksmen's badges, the other contained five. "I wish to show you, sir," he began, "these badges which the Ordnance Store Department have thought fit to send us for this year's supply. The two in the small packet are samples of last year's issue, the other five are this year's. If you look at them,

sir, you will see that the new lot are of inferior quality to the old." The Colonel examined the badges for some time. "I can't for the life of me see any difference," he said at last. "Let me see, which did you say were the new lot?"

"The two by themselves are last year's, sir, the rest are this year's," explained the Quartermaster in a state bordering on exasperation. "If you will take the trouble to inspect them carefully you *must* notice what I complain of!" The Colonel gazed at the badges, prodded some of them absent-mindedly with the office knife, and finally turned helplessly to the Adjutant: "What do you say, Annesley?"

Now the Adjutant had been entirely unable to detect any difference between the two lots of badges, and he was bored beyond endurance by the discussion. But what he wanted to do was to go away, and instinct told him that the quickest method of getting the question settled would be to agree with the worthy Prout. So he gave it as his opinion that the new badges were not up to the same standard as the old, devoutly hoping that he would not be called upon to point out features or difference, as he did not know which were the new and which were the old. "Oh, well," said the Colonel, considerably relieved, "if you both agree I must of course be wrong; now that I come to look at them again I rather think that last year's lot are a bit the more classy of the two. However, luckily, it doesn't matter a damn one way or the other."

The Quartermaster gave vent to a sound very like a snort of indignation. "Of course, sir, if you are willing to accept any rubbish for your regiment that the Army Council sends you because no other commanding officer will accept it, I have nothing more to say. They know that this is a colored corps, and they think anything is good enough

for us. I take leave to assert, sir, that they do not treat the Grenadiers or the Gordons like this!" And he made as though to roll up the parcel again.

"But what the devil do you want me to do?" pleaded the Colonel, longing for peace and quiet, and prepared to concur in almost any proposal offering him a promise of escape.

"With your approval, sir, I shall draft a letter on the subject to the War Office," rejoined Quartermaster Prout, "and will bring it to you to-morrow morning ready for your signature. To-morrow's mail day, you will remember, sir. That's all I have got for you this morning—good morning, sir." And he had gathered up his possessions and was gone before the Colonel had time to make up his mind whether he was to acquiesce or not.

"Now just see what you have let me in for, Annesley," grumbled the Colonel. "What made you agree with the man about his wretched badges? You know perfectly well that it's all rot, and, all the same, you go and aid and abet him in his mischief! 'Pon my word you are worse than he is, and between you I have got to write to those baboos in Whitehall, who'll get level with us somehow for bothering them. My experience is that when you stir up mud and ask those people to look at it, they just job your head in it, whether you're right or wrong." The Adjutant, it must be confessed, felt a little guilty. He had not foreseen the dire consequences which would result from his adopting the very unusual attitude of not contradicting the Quartermaster flatly, no matter what he said. He remarked, however, that it would at least have the effect of keeping that pestilent person Prout quiet for a time, and his chief felt bound to allow that such a consummation would almost compensate for the inconveniences and perils involved in writing a letter to the War Office.

True to his word the Quartermaster turned up in the Commanding Officer's sanctum next morning, having carefully watched to see the Adjutant depart to mount the guard. The letter proved to be a weighty and a formidable document. It dwelt upon the vital importance of fostering emulation in marksmanship and of affording encouragement to a soldiery second to none in military zeal and in desire for efficiency. It announced that the inferior quality of the marksmen's badges recently received would be instantly detected in a corps in which all ranks were so jealous of appearances as were the rank and file of the Guava Rifles, and it not only asserted that the issue of decorations so disappointing in character would prove the death-blow of good shooting in the regiment, but it also hinted that the dissatisfaction which would arise might prove disastrous to discipline. It enclosed samples (two of the old badges and five of the new) and it wound up with an expression of touching confidence that the military authorities at headquarters would treat a deserving corps with justice. This portentous effusion, which was the result of many hours of labor on the part of Quartermaster Prout, was duly signed by the Colonel after unavailing efforts on his part to avoid committing himself until the Adjutant returned to the office. For fear of a change of mind on the part of his chief the Quartermaster took care that it was posted without delay, and a few hours later it was safely stowed in the mail-room of the liner steaming out of harbor.

When a communication of this kind comes to hand in Whitehall, the Registry Branch places it in a War Office jacket invested with its own distinguishing number, which in this case was fixed as 11|Guava Rifles|63. Then "previous papers," i.e. similar

jackets with contents which bear (or are supposed to bear) on the subject are attached, making up a bundle which is swathed liberally in red tape. That having been accomplished the bundle is conveyed by a messenger to whichever branch or section the Registry officials decide to be the one that is most concerned by the communication.

The letter about the marksmen's badges obviously concerned the Equipment Branch of the Quartermaster-General's Department, and it was sent to that Branch to be dealt with. Several previous papers were attached, one of which—a bulky, packet distinguished with the number 74|Claims|1352—contained the correspondence in connection with a thrilling incident in the career of the Guava Rifles which had occurred some months before. A company at musketry had succeeded in wounding an infant which had strayed unobserved on to the range, there had been a demand for compensation on the part of the parents, supported by a doctor's bill as voucher, and the question had eventually been referred to the Treasury, who (with a very bad grace, and after ascertaining that the officer in charge of the company at the time had since succumbed to yellow fever, leaving no assets) assented to a money payment out of public funds. It might appear at first sight that there was no connection between the wounded infant and the badges, but a moment's consideration will serve to show the faultiness of such a conclusion; for not only did both questions have some connection with musketry, but the same regiment—to wit, the Guava Rifles—figured in each.

The Equipment Branch, like most branches, has many sub-divisions, and its ramifications jut outwards to Woolwich and to Pimlico; most of its sub-divisions were afforded the opportunity of writing minutes on the subject of

the badges, but without any satisfactory conclusion being arrived at by anybody. Owing to a grave impropriety on the part of a messenger boy who dropped the correspondence when using it for playing "catch" with one of his fellows in the passage, the two sets of badges had unfortunately become intermingled, and a deputy-assistant-something was preparing to draw attention to this circumstance and to point out that there were now three of them in one packet and four in the other instead of two and five as stated by the Officer Commanding the Guava Rifles in his letter under consideration, when the whole bundle was called for by the Finance Department.

The reason for this intervention on the part of the Finance Department was one to which no exception could be taken; a question had arisen over a cow accidentally killed during field-firing near Ballincollig, and the General Officer Commanding at Cork had put forward a proposition that the owner of the animal should be reimbursed for his loss at the public expense; it was only natural, therefore, that the Branch of the War Office dealing with financial problems of this kind should wish to study the file, 74 | Claims | 1352, in which the Treasury decision with regard to the wounded infant was stored up. The Finance Department is, however, by nature retentive. When it obtains possession of a bundle of papers it sticks to them, and it stuck to this particular bundle for weeks, and might have stuck to it for months had not the official at the bottom of whose tray it was reposing been attacked by influenza, and had not a new broom in the shape of a *locum tenens* cleared the tray out. When it found its way back to the Equipment Branch, three months had already elapsed since the letter about the badges had reached the War Office. Still, considering that only eleven minutes had as yet been written,

it was obvious that the question had not yet been adequately investigated.

It was therefore decided to send the correspondence to the Royal Army Clothing Department at Pimlico with the request that a full report should be furnished. The report, when it arrived, was found to be of a most exhaustive character. It began by asserting in uncompromising language that it was impossible to tell which badges in the enclosure were which; it went on to point out at considerable length that all of the badges had been so extensively fingered that, even supposing there had originally been shades of difference between them, such difference would now be effectually concealed by dirt; it solemnly declared that, as a matter of fact, there had been no difference whatever between the badges which had been manufactured in the establishment and had been issued to regiments during the two preceding years, and it wound up by asking whether any similar complaint had been received from any other corps.

The propounding of this question by the Superintendent of the Royal Army Clothing Department was hailed with unqualified satisfaction—it furnished an excuse for delaying a decision. "You must never, my dear fellow," an officer of wide experience in War Office procedure who has risen to very high estate is reported on one occasion to have said, "give a decision on any point if you draw less than £2000 a year." It is reported that that officer has now raised the qualifying figure to £3000 a year. The author of a well-known military text-book has moreover pointed out that if you can only manage to keep correspondence circulating, you can generally escape from taking any definite action until the matter at issue has settled itself. On the strength of the question put by the Clothing Department, it was decided to address a circular letter to all battal-

ions, inquiring whether they had observed any difference between the badges issued for the current year and those issued the previous year. It was then pointed out that it would take more than two months to get an answer from the battalion stationed at Tientsin. Eventually, after considerable discussion on paper, it was arranged (Minute 23) only to send the circular letter to a dozen battalions to be taken at random from those serving at home.

August had come round and the Colonel had flitted homewards from San Jago, leaving the second-in-command in charge; so the Quartermaster, who was now also acting as Adjutant and whose actions were practically unfettered, decided that, as the War Office had not thought fit to send any reply to the letter about the badges, the time was ripe to despatch a reminder. He did not consider it to be necessary, however, to draft quite so long a letter as on the previous occasion, and contented himself with stating that the Guava Rifles had now been anxiously expecting a communication from the War Office for four months, and with pointing out the very serious inconvenience that was being caused by this delay; but he went on to say that the dissatisfaction which had been aroused in all ranks of the regiment at its treatment in the matter of the badges was beginning to exercise a prejudicial effect upon its discipline—an allegation which, needless to say, had not the slightest foundation in fact. [The fact was that Quartermaster Prout had succeeded in persuading himself that the new issue of badges was of inferior quality; but having, after the manner of quartermasters, amassed an abundant surplus of equipment of all kinds in his store from various articles which had remained unexpended in previous years, he had supplied their decorations

to all who had qualified for marksmen's badges out of this museum without touching those of which the quality was in dispute.]

He was a man resolute of purpose, and, having put his hand to the plough, he had no intention of drawing it back. He was determined to at least extort a reply out of the War Office, even if that institution refused all other satisfaction. He knew, moreover, that the second-in-command was ready to sign anything as long as he was allowed to do it in his pyjamas, and was not called upon to peruse the paper to which he appended his name. Nor was our friend Prout disappointed in his Commanding Officer, for the letter was signed without a murmur, and it was despatched two days later by the home-going mail.

The reminder from San Jago arrived in the War Office on the very day that the circular letter to the twelve selected battalions was handed over to the staff of lady-typists to be typed. It was put in its proper place in the file—that is to say, it was kept apart from the growing pile of minute papers where it might possibly have been noticed, and was placed with the original letter, with the draft of the circular letter, with the report of the Royal Army Clothing Department, and with spare documents of various kinds such as are always kept together at the back of a War Office jacket where nobody dreams of peeping. The result was that it entirely failed to attract attention, and that it was overlooked by the Equipment Branch.

With one exception, all the battalions referred to reported that the badges of the current year's issue appeared to be precisely the same as those of the previous year. The one battalion sounding a discordant note had only just come home from South Africa, and it announced that it had not yet re-



ceived its badges, and was therefore not in a position to furnish the report asked for. This involved some further correspondence, but on its being discovered that the issue of the badges to the battalion had been purposely delayed because the battalion had been ordered home, it was settled that the reports of the other eleven would suffice. The question whether a reply should not be despatched to the Guava Rifles might now have been seriously taken up, had not a casual remark in one of the minutes attracted the attention of an officer in the Equipment Branch furnished with a prying mind. It was made apparent by the said remark that the number of marksmen's badges annually demanded by the Guava Rifles was relatively small compared with the number demanded by most battalions. It therefore struck this inquisitive official that it might be interesting to learn whether foreign armies made use of decorations of this kind; for, he reasoned, it was clear that, in spite of the value set on these badges by the officer commanding the Guava Rifles, the existence of the badges had not brought about satisfactory shooting in the corps, otherwise the corps must have required, and would have demanded, more of them. This view having been put forward in an able minute (Number 29), the head of the Equipment Branch wrote to the head of the Operations Branch, of which the Intelligence Department is a part, to ask for information as to the practice in foreign military forces.

The Operations Branch prides itself, not unjustly, on the extent of its information; it moreover always makes it a point of honor to leave no stone unturned to obtain information enabling it to reply to any question raised from any quarter, supposing that the question cannot be straightway answered from the records and books at its disposal. There was scarcely one of its

sub-sections which was not affected by the conundrum propounded by the Equipment Branch, and although in the case of some countries information could be supplied at once, it was found necessary in the case of others to communicate with the military attachés accredited to their governments, or, where there was no military attaché, to request the Foreign Office to obtain the required information from His Majesty's representative on the spot. Considerable delay arose in getting replies from the military attachés in Teheran and in Peking. The Central and South American expert did not fail to seize upon so good an opportunity for pointing out how necessary it was that there should be at least one military attaché accredited to the Central American Republics to insure that, when important information of this kind was required from that part of the world, the Intelligence Department should be able to reckon upon its acquisition with accuracy and despatch. It was, however, ultimately decided to rule out all countries outside of Europe unless the required information about their procedure in the matter of marksmen's badges was already available in the Department, and the result was that, within five weeks, a tabulated schedule was produced of which the Operations Branch had every reason to feel proud. The methods by which various foreign countries encouraged marksmanship could be ascertained from this schedule at a glance, its column of remarks would have done credit to an encyclopædia, and the head of the Branch was so much impressed with its merits that he sent the whole bundle of correspondence to the sister Branch of the General Staff dealing with training, with a minute requesting that Branch, after it had studied the schedule, to pass the papers back to the Equipment Branch. This innocent action on the part of the head of the Operations Branch was des-

tined to have unforeseen and far-reaching results.

For when the Training Branch discovered that the Equipment Branch had taken it upon itself to discuss on paper the value of marksmen's badges as an incentive to good shooting, and that it had furthermore actually requested the Operations Branch to afford it information so as to enable it to form an opinion on this which was purely a training question, its indignation knew no bounds. Minutes 33 to 35 were written by General Staff officers, third, second, and first grade, rising in a crescendo scale of angry comment, the last addressed to the head of the Branch. But while that highly-placed official was still aghast at the enormity committed by the Equipment Branch and was mentally preparing Minute 36, which was to bring the matter to the notice of the Chief of the General Staff, the wounded infant again created a diversion.

A Member of Parliament had been making a tour in the Antilles for the purpose of improving his mind (what there was of it) and in the course of his travels he had stayed some days in San Jago. There he had held intimate communion with a gentleman of color who, being a political enthusiast, was naturally opposed to the local government, to the military, to the police, and to all similar official institutions. The gentleman of color, finding an eager and sympathetic listener, expatiated amongst other things upon the arbitrary attitude adopted by the soldiery towards the civil population, and he cited as an example the case of the infant. His version of the story was that the creature had been wounded, not on the range during musketry, but in the public street by a soldier discharging his rifle at random; he maintained that the victim had been crippled for life, whereas it actually had been wounded through the fleshy part

of the forearm; and he declared that the efforts of the heartbroken parents to get any satisfaction for the outrage had proved unavailing. The legislator had an unquenchable thirst for information of this kind coupled with an uncontrollable disinclination for verifying the facts. He made an elaborate entry of the alleged circumstances in his notebook, and on his returning to his native land he repaired instantly to the Metropolis and handed in to the responsible official in the House of Commons a set of questions to be asked of the Secretary of State for War on an early date. The consequence was that, this being a matter of discipline, the Discipline Branch of the Adjutant-General's Department was called upon to draft the replies for the Secretary of State to read out in the House, and an Assistant Adjutant-General of that Branch therefore called for the War Office paper 74|Claims|1352. The result was that he obtained temporary possession of the bundle containing the correspondence about the badges as well as the correspondence about the infant.

It happened that this Assistant Adjutant-General was having an easy day, and that, having drafted the reply as to the infant to his own satisfaction, it occurred to him to open the file about the badges and to see what it was all about. He glanced through the thirty-odd minutes; he studied the schedule prepared by the Operations Branch with the liveliest interest, and then he suddenly came upon the reminder sent by the Guava Rifles and read in it that the discipline of that corps had been prejudicially affected on account of the badges. He seized his pen and addressed Minute 36 to the head of his Branch, drawing attention to the circumstance that a letter dealing with discipline had been in the War Office for no less than two months without their ever having even seen it. The head of the Discipline Branch straight-

way wrote to the head of the Equipment Branch to complain. The head of the Equipment Branch replied sympathetically, but declined to admit any responsibility for the irregularity, which had occurred. The head of the Discipline Branch thereupon wrote to the Secretary of the War Office, who referred the matter to the head of the Registry Branch. The head of the Registry Branch pointed out that the procedure which had been followed by his Branch had been strictly in accordance with War Office regulations, and he quoted the passage bearing on the point; this laid it down that a reminder was invariably to be placed in the same jacket as the original letter, a course which had been followed in the case under discussion. The Adjutant-General happened to be away on leave at the time; therefore the head of the Discipline Branch returned the bundle to the head of the Training Branch, merely asking (in Minute 44) that the papers might be returned to him later on for further action. His intervention had occupied between a fortnight and three weeks, and had involved eight minutes.

The head of the Training Branch was now enabled to lay the correspondence before the Chief of the General Staff, who felt himself reluctantly compelled to address to the Quartermaster-General a minute which has been acknowledged by all who have had the good fortune to peruse it to be a model document of its kind. It took some time to prepare, but the result achieved more than justified the labor expended on it. The minute was trenchant, it was legible, it was convincing, it was profound. Not a redundant phrase marred the rhythm of its dignified periods, there was not in its four paragraphs one solitary ill-chosen word, not a comma was out of place. It summarized in a crisp and incisive sentence the inconveniences

and the delays that arise when branches embark on discussions, however well intended, with regard to matters outside their own especial province. Another sentence commented in scathing terms on the ineptitude of confusing a concrete question arising out of the quality of badges issued to a certain corps, with the abstract question of the value of such badges in fostering musketry efficiency. Another sentence animadverted upon the irregularity which had been committed when the Operations Branch was referred to. It is true that the minute made no definite propositions with regard to any of the numerous points which had been raised during the eight months of correspondence, but it followed in this respect the usual course adopted in papers of this particular nature. Its criticisms were destructive, not constructive.

Good judges have expressed the opinion that the Quartermaster-General's minute in reply was not unworthy of the occasion. Although conceived in a lighter vein, its whimsical humor only served to make the more conspicuous the amazing grasp which its writer had obtained of the matters in dispute. It admitted the justice of the observations which the Chief of the General Staff had felt himself called upon to make with regard to branches discussing matters which did not concern them, and in this connection the Quartermaster-General begged to invite attention to a schedule which he had had prepared (marked "B" to distinguish it from the schedule prepared by the Operations Branch which had been marked "A"). In this schedule thirteen distinct cases were enumerated, the numbers of the War Office papers being quoted in each case, where the General Staff had within the past six months discussed questions which concerned the Quartermaster-General's Department alone. The

minute went on to express profound regret at the trouble to which the Operations Branch had been put in preparing schedule "A," seeing that that Branch consisted of only ninety-eight officers and others, and was therefore obviously under-staffed and over-worked—pleasantry at the expense of the General Staff serves as a consolation to the other sort. The Quartermaster-General closed his communication by proposing that a special War Office committee should be appointed to consider and to report on the best means of insuring that departments and branches should not interfere unnecessarily in each other's work.

The Chief of the General Staff concurred in this latter proposal, and he passed the paper on to the remaining members of the Army Council for the favor of their views, beginning with the Adjutant-General. The Adjutant-General was not a dialectician, nor was he (consciously) a humorist. In Minute 48 he announced that he also concurred in the Quartermaster-General's proposal, but that he was of opinion that the committee should further consider the best means of insuring that departments and branches should see papers which *did* concern them—it had only just come to his notice that this very file provided an example of a case where a letter on the subject of discipline had only reached his Discipline Branch purely by accident, and after great delay. He furthermore pointed out that Members of Council were in a peculiar position in that they existed in a dual capacity, being at once heads of Departments and also Members of Council, and that their position was therefore different from that of heads of branches; it would obviously be wrong, for instance, for him in his capacity of Adjutant-General to express an opinion as to whether it was necessary on strategical grounds to retain a battalion in San Jago, but he

would be within his rights in discussing such a question in his capacity of a Member of Council.

The other Members of Council added weighty minutes, and finally the correspondence reached the Secretary of State. The Secretary of State's private secretary, the scion of a noble house, was a young Member of Parliament of precocious ability and infinite assurance, who fully intended shortly to become a Cabinet Minister. It was his business to make short summaries of the contents of War Office papers which came to hand, indicating the main points in them which required consideration by his chief. He summarized the paper 11 | Guava Rifles | 63 as follows:

"(1) The correspondence begins with a question of detail in regard to the equipment of the Guava Rifles, raised by that corps nine months ago; no reply has as yet been vouchsafed to the corps, although this sent a reminder five months ago; there does not appear to be the remotest prospect of a reply ever being sent. (2) The file has reached the Secretary of State because Members of Council want to appoint a committee to deal with certain questions of War Office procedure. (3) From the correspondence it would appear to be the case that the musketry of the Guava Rifles is of indifferent quality and that their state of discipline is far from satisfactory. (4) In Minute 48 the Adjutant-General appears to wish to raise the question whether there is any justification for retaining the Guava Rifles or any other corps in the island of San Jago."

The Secretary of State ignored the first two points. But with regard to the third and fourth, he wrote to the Chief of the General Staff to ask if the Guava Rifles were in all respects a corps fit to take the field, and whether there was any strategical object gained by this country maintaining that or

any other battalion in such a place as San Jago; he added that he would be glad of an early reply. (The fact was that at a Cabinet Council held the previous day the Chancellor of the Exchequer had thrown a damper on the proceedings by informing his colleagues that, owing to the cost having been somewhat under-estimated of providing all adults not yet convicted of having committed a felony with a pension of a shilling a week, there would be a deficit of two and a half millions at the end of the financial year; whereupon the Prime Minister had instructed the War Ministers to effect a saving of not less than one million on the Army Estimates. The abolition of the Guava Rifles would at least be a beginning towards effecting that object.)

After consulting certain of his principal subordinates, the Chief of the General Staff felt himself compelled to reply that, in so far as training was concerned, the Guava Rifles were as fit to take the field as they ever had been; he admitted, on the other hand, that he was not satisfied that any strategical object was gained by maintaining a battalion in San Jago; as regards the discipline of the Guava Rifles, which appeared to be called in question, that was a subject for the Adjutant-General to express his views upon. The Adjutant-General intimated that he had been under the impression, until he had seen this correspondence a few days ago, that the discipline of the Guava Rifles left nothing to be desired; according to the showing of the regiment itself its discipline would, however, appear recently to have deteriorated. But for the fact of the Secretary of State wishing for a prompt reply he would have felt bound to inquire further into the matter brought to light in the reminder sent by the corps with reference to its marksmen's badges. In conclusion he begged leave to point out that he had only referred to the strat-

egical question as an illustration, having no views of any kind whatever as to the importance or otherwise of maintaining a battalion in San Jago.

Having studied these replies, the Secretary of State summoned a special meeting of the Army Council. What actually occurred at this meeting has never transpired, but it would appear to be the case that the Council, having been apprised of the difficulties in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer found himself and of the influence which those difficulties were to exert over the national defences, came to the conclusion that the Guava Rifles must be sacrificed. Be that as it may, the sequel is a matter of history.

"What an insufferable time those Post Office people take!" growled the Colonel as he sat at his table in the orderly room awaiting the mail. "Why, the ship's been in these three hours, and—ah, here they are!" as the orderly marched in, saluted and then deposited a bundle of letters on the table. "Well, business first, pleasure afterwards; let's have the official ones. Only two, and both from the War Office? Now then!" He opened the first. "Hullo, here's an answer at last to that letter of yours about the marksmen's badges, Prout, and quite civil for a wonder. But of course they do not mean to do anything—I never thought they would. However, there it is for you to read," and he handed it to the Quartermaster and tore open the other. "Good Lord! What's this?" he ejaculated.

"What's the matter, sir?" asked the Adjutant anxiously.

The Colonel paused, carefully wiped his glasses, put them on again and then solemnly read out: "Sir,—I am commanded by the Army Council to acquaint you that it has been decided to discontinue maintaining a battalion in the island of San Jago. In view of the redistribution of troops consequent



upon this decision, the Council regret to find themselves obliged to disband the regiment under your command. I am to inform you that detailed instructions with regard to the carrying out of this measure will be despatched to you by an early mail."

Half an hour afterwards, as the Colonel and the Adjutant were making their way with heavy hearts towards the Mess, the Adjutant broke a mourn-

The Cornhill Magazine.

ful silence to observe, "Odd that this infernal letter sentencing us to be broken up should reach you by the same mail with the one in reply to that about Prout's badges."

"I knew how it would be, and said so at the time, if you remember, Annesley," responded the Colonel; "you backed the fellow up about writing to the War Office. I told you they'd get level with us—and by Jove they have!"

Chas. E. Callwell.

## THE SPECIES QUESTION RE-OPENED. \*

If this work fails to bring about that revolution in biological science which its announcement led us to expect, it is not for lack of confidence on the part of the authors or their publisher. We were informed (by advertisement) that with the exception of a certain well-known treatise by de Vries this book was "the most important contribution to biological science which has appeared since Darwin's 'Origin of Species.'" We were further told that "the authors have no difficulty in demolishing some of the theories which are most cherished by biologists of today—notably those of mimicry and recognition markings in birds," and that "the facts which they have brought together undermine the whole of the massive superstructure which Neo-Darwinians have erected on the foundation of the theory of natural selection." A few extracts from the preface will suffice to reveal the tone which pervades this latest attack upon the theory of natural selection:—

We fear that this book will come as a rude shock to many scientific men. . . . We are endeavoring to save biology in England from committing sui-

cide, to save it from the hands of those into which it has fallen. . . . The Wallaceians (*sic*) continue on their course and give to the world a spurious Darwinism . . . we were both of opinion that biology is in an unhealthy condition, especially in England, and that the science sorely needs some fresh impetus."

After such a flourish of trumpets we naturally turn eagerly to the text for the "fresh impetus," but fail to find inspiration. There are many gibes aimed at and epithets attached to "Wallaceians" and "Neo-Darwinians," and there are some very remarkable perversions of the history of organic evolution. The authors set out, in fact, with an attempt to explain the reasons why the "Origin of Species" was accorded a "rapturous welcome . . . by the more progressive biologists," and how

the man in the street was able to comprehend the theory of natural selection. This was greatly in its favor. Men are usually well disposed towards doctrines which they can readily understand.

Those who are familiar with the history of the publication of Darwin's great work and the difficulty which he experienced in making even the expert naturalists of his time fully grasp the

\*"The Making of Species." By Douglas Dewar and Frank Finn. Pp. xix + 400; 15 illustrations. (London: John Lane, 1909.) Price 7s. 6d.

principles of the selection theory will wonder from what source the authors have derived their information. As another example of historical perversion, attention may be directed to the statement (p. 198)

that all the opposition to the theory of protective coloration comes from those who observe nature first hand, while the warmest supporters of the theory are cabinet naturalists and museum zoologists.

From this the reader will infer that the founders of that theory, Bates and Wallace, Trimen, Belt, Fritz Müller and Weismann, were not, in the judgment of the authors, observers of nature at first hand.

Within the limits of an ordinary review in these columns it is impossible to discuss in any detail the large body of evidence which the authors bring together in order to "demolish" those whom they dub "Neo-Darwinians," "Wallaceians," or even, when their scorn reaches its highest pitch, "Neo-Wallaceians." The general drift of the work is purely destructive, and its main object is apparently to disprove the all-sufficiency of natural selection. There is nothing very novel in this position, and by attributing to the followers of Darwin and Wallace a highly exaggerated and super-exalted doctrine, which no Darwinian has ever upheld, such refutation is naturally a very simple matter. The authors appear to imagine, for example, that somebody holds the belief that the theory of natural selection has been seriously held "to explain all the varied phenomena of nature" (p. 28). Of course, the very obvious and flagrant cases of adaptational coloring coming under the designations "protective resemblance" and "mimicry," which have generally been looked upon as reasonably explicable on Darwinian principles, come in for a large share of attention, and here is the verdict with respect to these theories:—

We have examined these mighty images of gold, silver, and brass and iron, and found that there is much clay in the feet. We shall devote this chapter to lifting the hem of the garment of sanctity that envelops each of these images, and so expose to view the clay that lies concealed (p. 172).

It must be left to the reader, whose flesh has been made to creep by this preliminary threat, to find out how far the authors have succeeded in damaging the evidence which has been accumulated by the joint labors of some of the most acute observers of nature ("at first hand"! since Darwin gave us the key to the explanation of the phenomena in question, half a century ago. Prof. Poulton, as one of the most prominent of recent workers in this field, comes in for much castigation. The methods of demolition adopted by the authors have been made quite familiar by anti-Darwinians ever since the publication of Mivart's "*Genesis of Species*." Cases of convergent characters which are none-mimetic are marshalled against the selection theory of mimicry, the facts of mimicry are altogether denied or said to be much exaggerated, and cases of obvious adaption, such as Kallima, are said (virtually) to be too good to be true, or, in other words, that the imitation is elaborated to an unnecessary extent.

It will naturally be asked whether this great array of objections and difficulties is a purely destructive attack, or whether it is a prelude to some great constructive generalization. The reader who looks for new light will, we fear, be disappointed, judging from the following specimen of an "explanation" of the mimicry of butterflies by diurnal moths:—

When two species adopt the same method of obtaining food, it not infrequently happens that a professional likeness springs up between them (p. 250).

In so far as there is any positive declaration to be found in the volume the authors may be classified with the "mutationists." They are at great pains, in fact, to define their precise position as members of that school "of which Bateson, de Vries, Kellog, and T. H. Morgan appear to be adherents" (p. 26). They state further that, "like Darwin," they "welcome all factors which appear to be capable of effecting evolution" (p. 27). What these factors are beyond natural selection (to which they assign some value) it is not quite easy to gather from the present work. Isolation, correlation, variation, and heredity have been considered very seriously by all evolutionists from Darwin down to the present time, and it cannot be said that Messrs. Dewar and Finn have shed any new light on these subjects. They tell us (p. 387) that species are made by

the inherent properties of protoplasm and the laws of variation and heredity. These determine the nature of the organism; natural selection and the like factors merely decide for each particular organism whether it shall survive and give rise to a species.

This will seem to the reader who is not a "mutationist" to be very like pure Darwinism with a dash of "inherent properties of protoplasm" thrown in. The introduction of "biological molecules," which are defined (pp. 157-9) as the units of which the germ cell is composed, may be considered as the substitution of a vague conception for the very definite mechanism which has been introduced into the theories of heredity associated with the names of Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Weismann, Mendel, and others. One example of the use of this conception will suffice to show its vagueness:—

Thus the phenomena of "mimicry" and "reversion" are, we believe, due to the fact that in the fertilized egg of

both the pattern and its copy a similar arrangement of biological molecules obtains. If we regard the sexual act as resembling in many respects a chemical synthesis, the phenomenon need not surprise us (p. 293).

The reason for associating mimicry with reversion and sexual reproduction are not very obvious, even from the authors' own point of view. Dealing with the first set of phenomena only, if the "explanation" means that in a mimic and its model the similarity of color and pattern is due to an identity either of physical structure or chemical constitution, or of both, it is untrue in fact. If it means that the resemblance has arisen because the units (i.e. "biological molecules") of which the ovum is in each case composed give rise to a similarity of color and pattern on development, this appears to be a mere paraphrase of the description of the facts and no explanation at all.

It is to be regretted that Messrs. Dewar and Finn have made this aggressive incursion into the domain of biological theory. They are favorably known as popular writers on Indian ornithology and other natural-history subjects. Although in the present volume none of the objections brought against natural selection are new in principle, it must be placed to the credit of the authors that, unlike so many of the earlier critics of Darwin's work, they are able to give a certain number of illustrations derived from personal observation and experience. But the work as a whole will not add to their reputation; with the majority of readers it will probably have the reverse effect. If the general object of the book is simply to emphasize the point that the theory given to science by Darwin and Wallace need not arrest further research in the domain of blonomics, there will be a very general unanimity among workers of all schools as to the

soundness of their contention. But if the authors attribute any neglect, real or imaginary, of the study of bionomics to the direct influence of the teachings of Darwin and Wallace and their followers, they are inverting the truth. No greater stimulus was ever given to Nature.

research in this domain than that given by the theory of natural selection. Any neglect with which English biologists can be charged is due to their ignoring and not to their acceptance of the teachings of the founders of that theory.

*R. Meldola.*

## POPULARITY.

Popularity is a desirable thing. Even those of us who would not be at the trouble to gain it for ourselves consider how we may best obtain it for our children, and are grieved when they refuse to admit its value. Nevertheless, when we say of some one that he or she is popular we do not always mean very high praise. Social popularity is a kind of immaterial affluence. It bears the same relation to loveableness that money does to happiness,—a fairly close relation, as we practically proclaim when we strain every nerve to keep our sons and daughters from poverty. Like a fortune, social popularity may be a birthright or an acquirement. Once again like a fortune, it best becomes the man who was born to it.

Some children are popular almost from their cradles. They are merry, receptive, and confiding. They instantly respond to every effort to give them pleasure, and warm the hearts of their elders by a constant radiation of cheerfulness. They never sulk nor fret among their fellows, they never boast nor belittle,—two strange tendencies which destroy comradeship. As they grow up they may or may not develop sympathy, which has less to do with popularity than is commonly supposed, though popularity belongs exclusively to the well-conditioned. Those who are born to be popular are not envious, and not fractious, and not ill-natured, and not hypercritical; and

whatever their opinions, they believe at heart that life is pleasant and the world in no great need of reform. Indeed, we think the most essential ingredient in congenital popularity is content, and next to that the power to take on the mental color of one's company. If there is any other essential, it may be described as entertainingness. But this does not mean that the popular person must be amusing, but only that his presence and conversation have a tendency to destroy self-consciousness, self-criticism, and that sense of the lagging of the social clock which destroys social amenity, producing stagnation among one set of people and a barbarian bolsterousness in another. A naturally popular man is never out of his element; he is always a fish in water. About this adaptability there need be no pretence. The socially gifted may be ignorant of the pursuits of the society in which they find themselves, and yet be able to fall in with its mood. The man who is born to be popular never pretends anything. He knows that he has in stock the wares which will be wanted. He is ready for any amount of give-and-take. He is a rich man when it comes to social traffic, and he has the rich man's self-confidence.

Acquired popularity is a different thing, and seldom as universal. It depends upon a minute study of one's environment. To acquire popularity a man must specialize. He must keep

his finger upon the pulse of his company. The poor use the word "study" in the sense of "humor." They speak of a sensitive child who must be studied. The expression may be incorrect, but it is illuminating. To know how to humor is to know how to make oneself liked. The man determined to be popular works within limits, and he may be actuated by almost the highest or by almost the lowest motives. He may be truly anxious for peace and goodwill, a man to whom all jar and friction, all displays of anger, all suggestions of insult, are repulsive and hateful, and who will forgo much to avoid their occurrence. A world in which all men thus desired to be popular would be a very pleasant world. The man who wants to be liked must make sacrifices. The only question is whether he will offer up his preferences alone or also his principles. In the first case he may become a sort of secular saint; in the second he may stoop till he is the object of every upright man's contempt. Even so, he cannot fall quite to the bottom of the moral scale, because he must be in some sense unselfish. There is no doubt a superficial unselfishness which is only remotely related to the real thing, an unselfishness which is only a self-interested form of self-control. Again, there is a seeming unselfishness which is too cheap to be good. There are certain people who are from childhood vague in their desires. We connect crossness and melancholy with the people who "do not know what they want"; but some very happy people are blessed with this curious indifference. Their minds unfasten easily; they are never set upon having or doing any one particular thing. Consequently they appear unselfish, though often they are without that active sympathy from which real unselfishness springs. Men or women to whom it is an effort to give in —

who in childhood seem obstinate and contrary, and in youth insist on having their own way — may when they come to years of discretion be capable of a self-renunciation of which the easy-going person can hardly conceive, and that though they will never give in without a wrench. But even the most corrupt forms of altruism are higher than mere brute egoism, certain of its goal and careless of all means.

Acquired popularity is always a difficult quality to judge of outside one's own circle. Who has not wondered when he discovered that such-and-such a servant or such-and-such a working man or woman was exceedingly popular among his equals? Very possibly he is a man whom his employer has never genuinely liked, a man understanding and understood by his own class exclusively, one who, metaphorically speaking, talks a *patois*. Perhaps the fact that the different grades of society have such different senses of humor have something to do with the matter. In dull societies the power to create a laugh is overvalued, and no doubt that hateful form of pleasantry best described as facetiousness passes for wit below a certain standard of education. We are often told that the sense of humor is a bond; but how much more often is it a barrier? The educated section of the middle class seem sometimes to be quite hemmed in by it. They see the lower classes through it — their sympathy is all tinged with a kindly satire — and they are divided by it from the leisured class, into whose mirth there enters an admixture of hilarity which is sometimes attractive, sometimes repellent, always somewhat foreign to the brain-worker. Again, how strangely humor divides the generations! Only the very great wits live, and some of them do not live by their wit. Half the world would say, if they spoke the truth, that when they go to



see a play of Shakespeare's, while they are driven into hate and fall into love, are mentally astounded and emotionally moved at the great poet's will, they only laugh because they feel that cultivated and virile persons ought to appreciate Shakespeare's humor.

But to return to the subject of popularity. We do not think that socially popular people have the greatest number of friends in the truest sense of the word "friendship," even if we cut out all those persons who seek popularity from a low motive, and retain only those whose graces ensure it or whose well-meant efforts have attained to it. They are no doubt the people who go most easily through the mill of life,

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but somehow in that mill they seem to have lost something of individuality. They resemble each other, and as a rule there is nothing in them above the comprehension of the majority. Like other rich men, they lose some of those experiences which tend to make men wise and kind. Life comes too easily to them. They are terribly apt to become proud of their treasure, and to judge other men by their popularity, asking how well they are liked, not what they are. They tend to praise the world by false tests. Nevertheless, they are the capitalists of society. Without them the business of recreation could not go on.

### AN AMERICAN EXPERIMENT.

Porto Rico, it was recently announced, is to have a new Governor, the seventh or eighth new Governor it has been privileged to welcome since it became an American possession. Unlike his predecessors, the newest Governor has a thorough knowledge of the Spanish language, and the hope was expressed, in the cablegram announcing his appointment, that this accomplishment would "aid Mr. Cotton in winning back the good-will of the natives." The inference that all is not going well with the American experiment in the West Indies is, we fear, justified. The Americans have done a great deal of excellent work in Porto Rico, but they have not yet succeeded in winning either the respect or the affection of the people. They have built some four hundred miles of roads, over two-and-a-half times as much as the Spaniards built in three centuries. They have set up one hundred and sixty schools. They have established free trade between Porto Rico and the United States, and the duties levied on

Porto Rican products entering American ports during the first year or two of the occupation—amounting to some £400,000—they voluntarily turned over to the insular Government. All the moneys raised in the island by local taxation, except ten per cent. to defray the cost of collection, are distributed among the townships, and are expended by them without interference from the United States. All the moneys raised by Federal taxation—custom dues and internal revenue—are spent for the benefit of the Porto Ricans. The United States derives nothing in the nature of a tribute from her ownership of the island. On the contrary she loses by it. She pays out of her own pocket the cost of the local army, the revenue vessels, the lighthouse service, the coast surveys, the harbor improvements, the post-office deficit, the weather bureau, and the upkeep of the agricultural experiment station. She appropriated £40,000 to the relief of the islanders after the terrible hurricane of 1899. American



energy has practically banished small-pox, and has greatly diminished anæmia among the natives. There can be no question that the island is better off materially than it ever was under Spanish rule. Trade has made considerable strides; land values have more than trebled. The people enjoy all the constitutional guarantees of American citizenship. They have an effective share in framing their own laws; they are freely admitted into the Civil Service; they have the advantage of living under a Government that, as Governments go, is honest, enterprising, and stable.

Yet they are not grateful, they are not happy. With every year that passes, their grievances seem to multiply and the gulf between themselves and their American rulers to widen. Last April they dispatched a delegation to lay their complaints before the American Congress, and a few weeks later President Taft felt obliged to send a special message to Congress dealing with the legislative deadlock in the island and recommending a far-reaching change in the organic law of its government. One of the grievances of the Porto Ricans is that they are now without a country. They have lost their Spanish citizenship and the United States has refused and probably will always refuse to admit them into the American Union. Another grievance is that, in spite of universal suffrage, they do not possess the reality of self-government. There are two Houses in the Porto Rican legislature, the House of Delegates, a popularly elected body, and the Senate, composed of five Porto Ricans and six Americans, the six Americans being also the heads of the chief executive departments. As there can be no legislation and no public expenditure without the consent of both these bodies, it follows either that the six Americans in the Senate get their own way in everything, or that there

is a deadlock between the two Houses—the Senate, for instance, refusing to concur in legislation sent up by the House of Delegates, and the House of Delegates retaliating by declining to vote any moneys with which to carry on the Government until their measures are adopted. Again, by applying the American tariff to all foreign imports into Porto Rico, the Americans cut off the islanders from their familiar markets in Spain and France without furnishing them with a new one in the United States. This has been particularly the case in regard to the coffee trade, which is to-day considerably worse off than before the American occupation. Although the exports and imports figures as a whole are higher than they were in Spanish days, the increase is mainly due to the growing cultivation of sugar and tobacco, crops which for the most part are owned by absentee speculators in Spain and the United States. The floundering of American lawyers among Spanish usages, the heedlessness of Congress in placing the island upon a gold basis almost at a moment's notice, and the laws enacted at Washington in the early days of the occupation, when the whole of America was in one of its periodic alarms over the *fronts*, penalizing every form of corporate enterprise in Porto Rico, have all tended to hinder development and foster discontent.

But undoubtedly the most fertile source of friction between the Americans and their wards is the class of men hitherto sent to the island as officials and administrators. Here we touch a weakness that has already been painfully visible in the Philippines and Hawaii, and that seems likely to impair the whole American experiment in "colonial" government. Our own experience goes to show that, to rule successfully, a stable, competitive, high-salaried Civil Service is indispensable. But Americans habitually

underpay all their public officials, and instinctively regard a system which does not make a clean sweep of all office-holders after every election as "undemocratic." Eleven years have gone since the American plunge into Imperialism, yet nothing has been done to organize a colonial service that would attract the best men in the country. Moreover, the average American has no desire to rule. It is not a part of his makeup. He has neither inherited it in the blood nor does his school training supply it. A colonial career offers few inducements to him. If he is ambitious there is no country with one-hundredth part of the opportunities to offer that America throws at his feet. If he is pining for adventure, where will he find it if not in the United States? There is no problem of the younger son in America to supply an incentive to expatriation. The ordinary American youth shrinks almost as readily as the ordinary French youth from the idea of exile. He is unused to solitude; he is reared in an emi-

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nently sociable and gregarious environment; and the ideal of a comfortable old age on a pension hardly ever enters his head. The professional and commercial rewards open to him in his own country are so enormous and so tempting, and service under Government adds so little to an American's standing in his community, that the thought of accepting an office in the Philippines or Porto Rico seems almost like a confession of defeat in the battle of life. Moreover, Americans have little of the protecting, elder-brotherly feeling towards men of another color that unquestionably redeems the arrogance of British Imperialism. On the contrary, they are far more likely to feel a physical repugnance for the brown man and the black. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the governors in their dependencies should succeed one another with bewildering rapidity, and that the conduct, character, and personality of the officials under them should fail to win good-will for American rule.

### CHARLES READE, THE NOVELIST. \*

Charles Reade spent five hours a day in a room that he called "the workshop." The most conspicuous piece of furniture in this room was a large table, battered and worn, underneath which there stood an odd score of tall folios, the nature of their contents being indicated by labels upon the backs. At this table Charles Reade would sit, selecting, cutting, and pasting into its proper place every scrap of fact or experience, written or printed, that he judged to contain anything of interest—anything, that is, which might conceivably be of use to him as literary material. Everything was indexed. Any-

thing could be found at a moment's notice. The culmination of the system was to be found in the Index ad Indices. From the Index ad Indices he could find his way to the correct index. From the correct index he could find his way to the particular slip or cutting that he wanted. His workshop was a triumph of method. His art was a triumph of empiricism.

It was the peculiarity of Charles Reade that he must begin with dry bones in order to arrive at something very like flesh and blood. He had the power to imagine and to inform his creatures with the breath of life, but his imagination was of the kind that abhorred a vacuum.

\* "The Cloister and the Hearth." By Charles Reade. London: Chatto and Windus. 1909. 12s. 6d. net.

Taking certain facts which he had seen correlated in his actual experience, he would pass them through his intelligence, plunge them into the great reservoirs of his emotion, and bring them forth again more real than reality itself. The greater artists dare more highly than this. They get their fundamental truths from life; and, having these touchstones, they build up their masterpieces by rearranging and not necessarily by accepting what they see. Charles Reade had not enough imagination for this. He was safe only in his workshop. There he could not go wrong. He had all his facts to hand. He had imagination enough to explain them, to quicken them into something more real; but his imagination faltered when he was asked to shape the bricks as well as to build the house.

It was this quality of Charles Reade's mind that marked him out as the man to write the best historical novel in our language. Facts are facts, whether they be three hundred years old or as many minutes. Facts about hermits, after being transmuted in the brain and heart of Charles Reade, issued again to the light with as real and true a life of their own as facts about the contemporary prison-house. By the intensity of his imagination, and by its characteristic limitations, Charles Reade was born for the express purpose of breathing into the dry bones of a vanished period a life so convincing and so eternally true that criticism becomes almost impossible. This process of transmutation was not an easy one. Reading the letters he wrote from Oxford to Mrs. Seymour at the time he was writing "*The Cloister and the Hearth*," we catch him in the act and watch the mental agony it cost him. It will perhaps be well to make a selection from sentences that occur in the course of this correspondence:

"Alas, indeed, stuck! That is to say. I have found such a wealth of material about hermits in Magdalen College that I have filled three more of those gigantic cards. . . . I must now try to use only the very cream, and that dramatically and not preachingly. . . . I think this story will wear my mind out. However, I see that if I had not read all about hermits and worked out these cards, this part of my story must have been all false. . . . Good Heavens, how often have I been stuck! . . . I cannot tell whether it will succeed or not as a whole . . . but there shall be great and tremendous and tender things in it."

In these vigorous sentences we see the whole process—the accumulation and intelligent rejection of material; and, finally, that giving out of himself by which he breathed upon it and gave to so much concrete matter its own peculiar life.

Charles Reade, like many another, did not realize the nature of his genius or recognize the necessity under which he lay to work as he did. In the course of those very letters to Mrs. Seymour already quoted he writes: "God knows whether I am in the right path or not. Sometimes I think it must be dangerous to overload fiction with fact. At others I think fiction has succeeded better in proportion to the amount of fact in it." Now, with Charles Reade, fiction was fact touched with emotion. In his case the attempt to distinguish the two was useless. He was incapable, to any great extent, of the fiction which is a rearrangement of fact. He must have the fact itself, out of a record, a blue-book, or a newspaper. In "*It is Never too Late to Mend*" he describes scenes from Australian life. He had never been to Australia. Here then, it seems, was fiction with a vengeance. It was nothing of the sort. Had he actually been there, com-

prehended the life and its setting as a whole, quintessentialized it in his own mind, and then allowed his fancy to play when it came to the grouping of detail, and to the depicting of the interplay of emotions whose truth he had himself conceived from general study of the fundamental processes of human nature—then he would have produced a work which was fiction, as we intend the word. He was unable to do this and to do it well. He must have "fact," and "fact" he had when writing "It is Never too Late to Mend." He had never been to Australia. But there were books on flora and fauna. He had never seen the conditions of life in Australia. But there were reports and statistics.

Charles Reade has been taken at his word by one well-known critic. It has been asserted that his fact did kill his fiction, and that his fiction was better when written outside the workshop. That is to say, "Griffith Gaunt" is better than "It is Never too Late to Mend," "Christie Johnstone" is better than "The Cloister and the Hearth." It would require a great deal of space to do justice to this view and to examine the exact amount of truth which it contains. The view here expressed is in direct contravention. In spite of the melodramatic character of the types in novels like "It is Never too Late to Mend," "Hard Cash," or "Foul Play"; in spite of the resourceful hero, the terrible villain and his tool, the sweet

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young girl and the potential courtesan—in spite of all these things we believe that these novels are truer than those of the type of "Griffith Gaunt," where Charles Reade was trying to write with unfettered fancy and from first principles.

All these realistic novels are left behind in their turn by "The Cloister and the Hearth." His modern realistic work is marred by obvious faults of manner. Founded on facts, their intention is true; but this intention finds a violent and theatrical expression which revolts all the finer literary sensibilities. Moreover, the preaching habit grew upon Charles Reade with years. It brought him at last to the point of writing a whole novel in denunciation of tight-lacing, and to the point of meditating another upon the advantages of being ambidextrous. Now, in "The Cloister and the Hearth" there are no didactics; and the crudity of his intenser manner loses its power to wound by being thrown back into the past. It comes through to the reader like a vivid light that has passed through an ancient window of stained glass. It comes through subdued and touched with old-world tints; and it floods a noble building in which it is a delight to walk, a delight made sacred by a feeling that is almost all of it gratitude and something akin to awe. "There shall be great and tremendous and tender things in it."

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### THE LACUNAE IN THE GOSPELS.

It is often with a sense of deep sadness that many minds reflect that upon many questions we have no decree of Christ. Even if we set aside all modern developments of ancient difficulties, we are still, they point out, confronted with many open questions, many baff-

ling silences. The specious argument that explains away our trouble by declaring dogmatically that the men of the first century did not want to know the things which we want to know has been worked to death. Christ lived in Palestine under an alien rule. A son

of David with all the traditions of patriotism in His blood, and a national literature inspired by the woes and deliverances of His people ringing in His ears, surrounded by the legends and records of a theocratic piety, it is impossible but that questions concerning national rights, rights of conquest, the superiority and inferiority of the various races, the breadth and limits of the power of the State, should have come before His mind. Yet concerning all these things we have no direct teaching. Or, lest we rouse controversy, let us say that equally good Christians have interpreted a few scattered sentences in diametrically opposite senses.

But if we cut out all that can be called public matters, which, in that they are all founded upon the relations of individuals to individuals, may be regarded as subsidiary, or at least derivative, we still find many blank spaces. The preachers tell us, often without explanation, that the life of Christ is a full and perfect example for every man. Sometimes their listeners cannot but reflect that He led a life which in its outward incidents we cannot imitate. No doubt some of His Disciples had wives and homes; but except the household at Bethany, the Evangelists give us no glimpse whatever of any home life, and our Lord says little or nothing about it, though of course His assertion that marriage was inviolable and His devotion to children touch upon the subject. Nevertheless, a whole area of intimate life lacks His particular counsel. With respect to the position of women, again, though it was a subject which the clash of two civilizations must have brought to men's minds. He says nothing directly. St. Paul filled in this and many like lacunae, admitting naively in this latter instance that he doubted whether our Lord would have endorsed his words.

Or take the question of daily work. What an enormous space most men's work fills of necessity in their lives; but how very little Christ said about this fact, though it was doubtless in His mind, and He never suggested any form of worship which would be impossible to men without leisure. He took it for granted that men worked in order to eat. He never speaks of work as a refuge, or as a delight, or as a thing to live for. Our pleasure in art is a thing outside, though not inimical to, the Gospel. It is true that He condemned the man who neglected to use his talents, seeming to regard him as a sinner rather than a fool. How far the present doctrine, to some extent prevalent here and widely spread in America, of "work for work's sake" would have gained His approval we cannot say.

Only once, and that once is recorded by St. John alone, does He make any definition of the nature of God. God is a Spirit, He says, and must be worshipped in spirit. Elsewhere He only sets forth the relation of the Divine Spirit to men, which as He describes it could be understood by a child. Again, if we still consider the question of religion from another aspect, though He taught with authority and with insistence that death is not the end—in fact, to use His own strong expression, that those who love and serve both God and man never "see death"—He did not tell us what is their mode of life. The Evangelists, in company with all men in their day, looked eagerly for supernatural occurrences, and left out things which seem to us to be of at least equal moment. What would we not give to hear what our Lord said to those whom He did not cure, to the men, for instance, in the city whereof it is said: "He could there do no mighty work"? It is quite certain that Lazarus and the son of the widow of Nain were not the only men



He saw die. What did He say to the dying when they asked, "Where am I going?" and to their friends when, coming to Him mourning and heavy-laden, they asked, "Where is he gone?" Did He speak in confidence, and was that confidence never betrayed? We cannot explain the silence of the record.

"All things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you," He said. It is useless to ask for more light than is vouchsafed. The Church, however, was not satisfied. She made haste to fill up these obvious lacunae. There were questions, we are told, which even the Pharisees durst not ask; there were none which the Church dare not answer. Questions of politics presented no difficulty to ecclesiastics. They offered to keep every man's conscience, to make a good Christian and a good citizen by virtue of obedience alone. They defined the nature of the Creator of the universe with as much precision as one would analyze the atmosphere. They knew the glories of heaven, the terrors of hell, and the ransom system of purgatory. They had passports ready for each. What has been the result? The heaven and the earth which they taught of are passing away. The ecclesiastical heaven has ceased to attract or the ecclesiastical hell to affright. The moth and rust of time and the mildew of ridicule have destroyed them. Still, the hope of more abundant life which Christ promised keeps men's reason firm in the face of death and bereavement.

Without minimizing the fact that the firmest believer in the authority of Christ cannot reasonably consider that he walks "by sight," is it not possible that these very lacunae, these aching voids, as they sometimes appear in the

teaching of our Lord, do make the elasticity of the Gospel and fit it for all time? The outward conditions of man's life and the orbit of his reason change with his circumstances and with the generations. The home may be the everlasting foundation of society, but the art of living in it must change. Work takes a different place in the lives of different individuals, ages and classes. One age literally cannot put its mind to the theology which absorbed another. The hope of the hereafter must be expressed in changing imagery. The religion of Christ was clearly not designed to suit scholastic or subjected minds. Christ preached to the ordinary man, and appealed to the eternal authority of his better self. He did not undertake to unravel the whole tangle of human life, or to explain its discordant woes. But He spoke of a Spirit of Comfort who was also a Spirit of Truth, to whose influence He left His friends, sure that even the death which He dreaded was best for them and for Him. "It is expedient for you that I go away," he said; "for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come." He did not ask a man to think out a system, or to accept it whole when some intellectual master upon earth had thought it out for him and stood ready to force it down his throat with threats. He asked men to listen to a voice, which still speaks in the human heart. It is possible to doubt what that voice says; it is sometimes impossible not to do so; it is not possible to silence it. At any moment it may become for the individual, as it became at the bidding of our Lord, distinct, authoritative, and convincing. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," said Christ, and immediately men heard and believed.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Like Mr. Jack London, Mr. Will Lillibridge has chosen to describe the struggle between an American author and the editors and publishers who, standing between him and possible readers, apparently attempt to keep him in obscurity. Resemblance between "Martin Eden" and Mr. Lillibridge's "The Dominant Dollar" ends however with the hero. Mr. Lillibridge chooses to give his young man a friend superhuman in kindness to his fellow man, a friend who struggles for money and its consequent power in order to be able to bestow prosperity and comfort upon blameless, hard-working folk who lack money-making gifts, and the mysterious workings of this man's character give a strong and unusual element of interest, and maintain a pleasant state of uncertainty to the very last page. A. C. McClurg & Co.

Boys whose lessons can be persuaded to remain in their memories only by repeated and reiterated reviews have no difficulty in recollecting all the involutions of a last year's romance of crime and those who this year read Mr. Henry Gardner Hunting's "The Cave of the Bottomless Pool," will have no difficulty in recalling "Witter Whitehead's Own Story," in which its hero first appeared as the captor of a thief. In this tale the thief escapes and Witter's fear of what he may do leads him into deeds of even greater daring, but he performs them in an unreasoning boyish fashion entirely unlike the unnatural behavior of the ordinary boy hero, and much less likely to create a hunger for highly sensational literature in a boy reader. The story itself however cannot be called anything but improbable. Its merit lies in the manner in which the

boy's position in the scheme of life is stated. Henry Holt & Co.

The war between the rising generation and that which it is striving to push from the place of authority is well set forth in Miss Marion Foster Washburne's "The House on the North Shore," in which the heroine is the wife of a man, inheriting a tendency to dipsomania, and is also the mother of a girl and boy to whom she has never taught obedience. Having learned from their comrades and from a certain class of juvenile literature that noisy selfishness is irresistibly attractive, they practice it with much vigor, and their mother, occupied in helping their father to fight his inherited foe, endures them patiently. The children suffer the penalty of their foolishness, but the good qualities inherited from their mother aid them, and in the end the entire family is seen united and happy. The author apparently intends that her book shall be put into the hands of young girls, and those who have been taught decent reticence will not be harmed by it. Adult readers will find that it presents the topic of heredity fairly and instructively, and ingeniously connects it with religion. A. C. McClurg & Co.

It pleases Anne Warner to be whimsical, and to address the preface of "Your Child and Mine" to children only, and to "pretend" not a little about the stories composing the book, but those which are best for the uncles and aunts may be a little hurtful for the children, although those written for the children will be good for the uncles and aunts. The iniquity of calling a child only by absurd nicknames; the foolish cruelty of treating him as if he could be blind and deaf to

the most important things in his world; the wickedness of not remembering his overflowing love, are good subjects for everybody but a child to consider. On the other hand, the volume contains two fairy tales and a description of an old-fashioned school, such as every child should read, and a most charming dog story also. Since all these things are bound in one cover the parent, or the uncles and aunts, must see that the child is not denied his own share and must read the stories to him. The book shows the author at her best, a writer very unlike the creator of amusing but heartless "Susan Clegg." Little, Brown & Co.

If the real American be brave, courteous, truthful above the average level of men of other races, he is a poor creature compared to the American of fiction, and especially to the American of the Utopian novel. For instance the hero of Mr. Rupert S. Holland's "The Man in the Tower" is dearest friend of the exiled son of a banished Altenstein patriot, and beholds the young man's capture by an Altenstein Princess before whose conquering eye-beams he falls, "vanquished almost at sight." Like half of the princesses who appear in Paris and make conquest of a young man with a best friend who is an American, this bud of royalty is betrothed to a more than commonly detestable prince, a prince so hideous that he will not allow any one to see his face. Any American in such circumstances instantly perceives that it is his duty to set aside the betrothal and bring about the marriage of the princess and his friend. Mr. Holland effects this with uncommon grace and in a manner equally satisfactory to his own republican ideas, and to those of the most earnest royalist. Lippincott Company.

In "They and I" Mr. Jerome J. Jerome applies his humorous gifts to the description of the haps and mishaps of a literary man living with his family in a small cottage in the country, with no nearer rival as celebrity among the rustics than Boss Croker. Their adventures and those of a neighboring family, the head of which is an eccentric person with views as to most things on earth, are written very much in the manner of the American humorous journalist, and are as pleasant drollery as one need desire. It is not exactly droll for Mr. Jerome to write of Providence as "she" although the pronoun certainly supplies that element of unexpectedness which is supposed to be necessary in humorous writing, but it is really droll for him to write of a visitor in Colorado, who, wishing to send a message to his wife in New York, mentally pictured her and his as "sitting in their New England parlor," but it is fate and not genius which has given his book this adornment. Really, it needs none which he has not purposely supplied. It is a pretty domestic story, with a love element suspected of waiting to pair off four attractive youngsters, the instant that the reader closes the book. Dodd Mead & Co.

Mr. Edward S. Martin gives his "The Wayfarer in New York" an introduction in which he strives to indicate the reason for the undeniable charm of the city and to show its potency, and fulfils the task as well as anyone can fulfil it for another. Following the preface comes an extract from the "Log of Robert Juet" taken from "Purchas his Pilgrimes," and describing the first European's view of New York; groups of descriptive fragments taken from books, short stories, serious documents, volumes of poetry, and private correspondence, in short from every available source. The titles

of the groups are *From the Battery to Trinity, Within Half a Mile of City Hall, Greenwich and Chelsea Villages, The Washington Square Neighborhood, The East Side, From Union Square to Madison Square, From Madison Square through Central Park, The Bronx and Beyond, and Over the Water*. Most of the authors cited are American, but Dickens and Mrs. Trollope are quoted for descriptions of the city in 1842 and 1831. The little book would make a pretty gift and is full of charming reading diverting alike for residents of the city and visitors to it. The Macmillan Company.

It seems strange that in all the years since the Christmas story and the Christmas number became annual observances "The Book of Christmas" was not long ago prepared and printed, for without doubt it will immediately become, and will long remain, a Christmas gift in high favor. It is a volume of some four hundred pages bound in gold and green, illustrated with half tone pictures reproducing "Holy Families" and "adorations" by great masters. The literary contents are poems, short tales and descriptive sketches, folk lore and popular observances, each species grouped by itself. The twelve lists of titles are grouped within decorations devised by Mr. George Wharton Edwards, and each faces one of his pen and ink drawings reflecting the spirit of the poems or stories following it. All this pretty ingenuity will endear the volume to properly appreciative readers, and if as a theatre audience cries "Author!" they shout "Editor!" when they find no name on the title page, it will not be surprising, for the collection has been made with great good taste. The introduction is by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie; it is just to the book, but rather patronizing to the day. The Macmillan Company.

The extraordinarily good photographs taken by Mr. Will S. Monroe to be reproduced as illustrations of his "Sicily" enhance the value of the book written but a few weeks before the earthquake and enlarged by a brief account of that calamity, accompanied by a few pictures showing the ruin wrought by it. The volume is beautifully bound and printed and excellently adapted to serve as a gift book, but like all the "Travel Lovers'" books, it is something more. It summarizes the history of a country successively visited by every important phase of civilization in Southern Europe and North Africa, beginning with the Phœnicians, and no other work of its size effects as much; it gives a fair view of Sicilian literature, music and art; it enumerates the chief resources and industries of the land, and indicates their present state of development, and it sets the peculiarities of the island, the mafia and brigandage, in a properly adjusted light, neither exaggerated nor untruthfully flattering. With it the stay-at-home may know Sicily better than nine-tenths of its inhabitants know it, and the traveller under its direction, may see ten times as much as will be revealed to him who contents himself with the wisdom of the guide book. L. C. Page & Co.

"'Cajan" should be a word of magic for the countrymen of Longfellow, for the 'Cajans are the descendants of those kinsmen of Evangeline who made their way to the Bayous of the South, and may still be found there with manners and ways of thought not so greatly changed by years. All the characters in "Marie of Arcady" are 'Cajans. Marie, coming from no one knows where, with amazingly clean hands, is made a pupil in the village school and a member of one of the village families, no one insisting upon an exact explanation of her coming and

every one treating her with gentle courtesy always excepting the naughty boy of the school. The author, Miss F. Hewes Lancaster, develops her characters by repeating the idle talk of their neighbors, thus showing "the scholard," who can actually write his own name and is content to allow his numberless children to grow up and his wife to toil in abject poverty; M. Moise and his wife, the advisers of the little community, loving, sagacious and kind, and their big son Aluin; the half-witted son of the rich man and his tragic love for Marie; and Marie herself, silent, frightened, dreading always the horror from which she has fled. The little schoolroom in which the young folks study, play tricks on one another and adjust their love affairs is the scene of many a charming bit of comedy. The delicate touches by which the tale is perfected; the slow speech in the quaint dialect make the book unique. Small, Maynard & Co.

The "New New York" by Mr. John C. Van Dyke and Mr. Joseph Pennell is a work as characteristic of its time and of the place of its production as Sir Walter Besant's "London," and in its honest simplicity it is incomparable among all the books written of American cities. Mr. Van Dyke's knowledge of the history and growth of New York and Mr. Pennell's wide acquaintance with other cities give them such a joint equipment for criticism of the "New" New York as has been brought to bear on no other American city. Mr. Van Dyke begins by frankly refusing to apologize for the various constituents of the newness of New York, for the tall buildings, the subways, the bridges, the tunnels, and asserts that they are beautiful, being necessary to the city's life and perfectly adapted to the purpose of their creation, and he declares that to those with eyes to see, the city is

as picturesque as any other city of to-day, and points to Mr. Pennell's 123 pictures as proof. That they are beautiful whether in black and white, or in the soft color which is all that is really visible in large groups of buildings howsoever violent may be the hue of each individual structure, Mr. Pennell shows conclusively. If familiar places be not at first recognized in his drawings the fault lies in the observer. One may never have noted how old buildings of four or five stories seem, when contemplated in the mass, to huddle about the bases of the loftier and newer edifices, but the frontispiece of this volume opens his eyes. One may never have perceived how toy-like is the appearance of the old buildings to one standing on the opposite side of a wide space and regarding them grouped with a long curve of the Elevated road, the towering structures behind them and in the foreground endless tracks of street railways dotted with hurrying little cars, but Mr. Pennell shows one that the scene really looks as if newly unpacked from a chip box and ready to set up for play. The black and white pictures reveal the magic wrought by the many artificial illuminants; by rain; by the smoke; by the masts of sailing ships crowded at the wharves; by the huge hull of the *Mauretania* looking like a marine monster threatening the street leading to her anchorage; by scores of other agents which one has seen and yet not seen, as is the way of the ordinary human creature. Mr. Van Dyke does not confine himself to setting forth the outer aspect of things but dilates upon the life of the New Yorker, not disguising its imperfections if it be considered as a model for universal adoption, but showing its inevitability under actual conditions. Even without its illustrations his book would be memorable as an impartial and lucid description. The Macmillan Company.